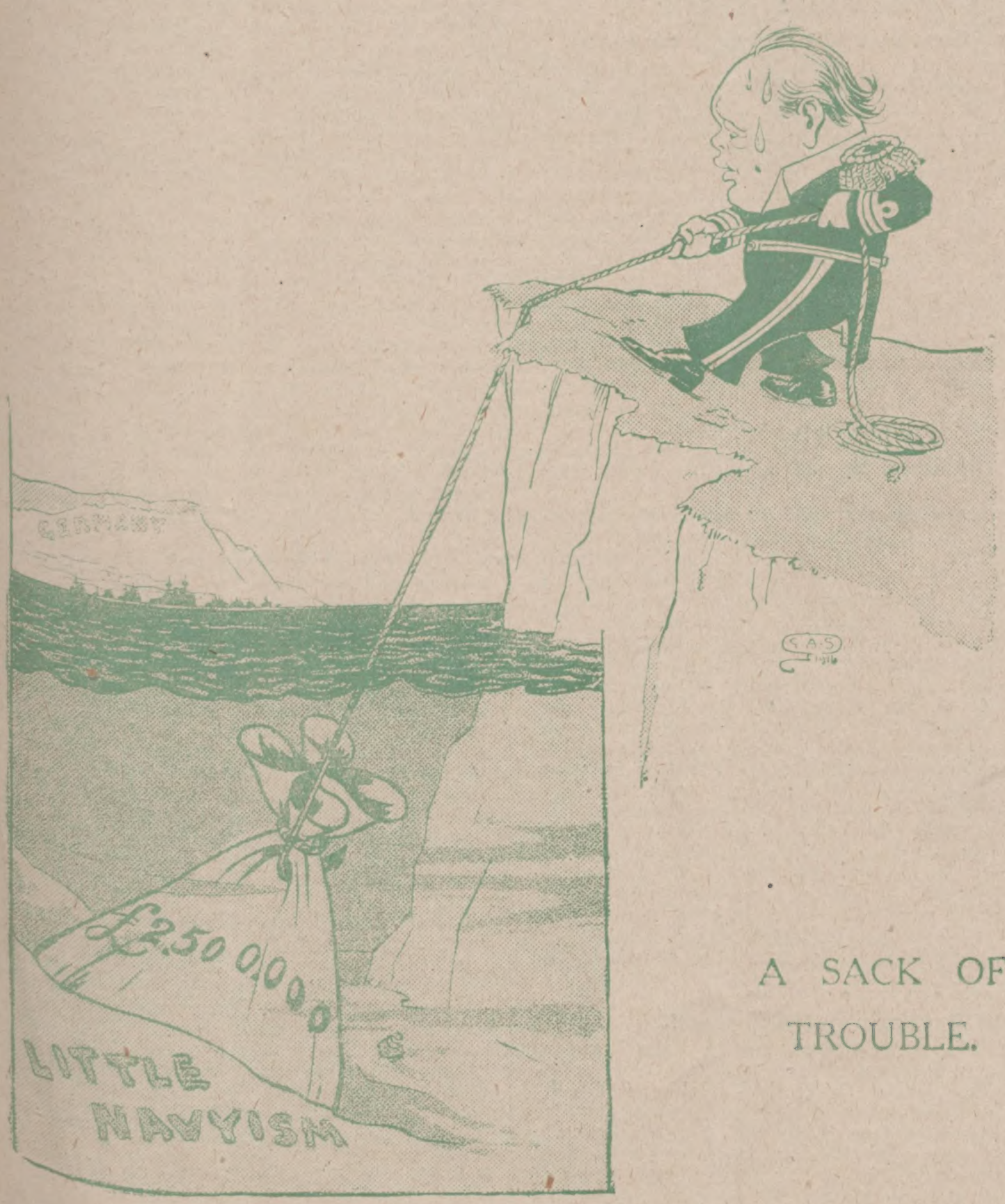
Lord Kingston and the Dollar Princess, page 1075.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14th, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper) ONE PENNY.



A SACK OF TROUBLE.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE KING AND THE SALE OF HONOURS.

His Majesty Promotes a Discussion in the Lords.

It isn't often in these days that the Monarch goes out of his way to suggest a public discussion in Parliament on a grievance which he desires ventilated, but, from a highly influential source, I learn that the discussion which took place in the House of Lords on the alleged "sale of honours" was instigated by His Majesty. The reasons for this were that His Majesty has so frequently had to put his name to titles concerning persons of whom he had barely heard; that he decided that only a public discussion would serve the purpose of "warning-off" rich men with ambitions for titles from importuning the Prime Minister for coronets which His Majesty would be compelled to refuse to grant, and thus place Mr. Asquith in a false and unpleasant position. As our readers know well, Mr. Asquith has already been in this position more than once, and we have named several gentlemen who had importuned the Prime Minister and been refused by the King. There is no necessity to mention them again.

* * *

A Piece of Unctuous Hypocrisy from Lord Selborne.

That the "sale" of honours will go merrily along, however, there is no doubt. We are not less regardful of the prestige of British titles than Lord Selborne, who began the Lords discussion; but, frankly, a more slimy speech than his Lordship's we never remember to have read. Lord Selborne pretended that it would be improper to mention any titles which he knew to have been "bought"; and having made unctuous protestations against the degradation of British aristocracy by coronets being given as rewards for contributions to the party funds, his Lordship then proceeded to illustrate the wickedness of a rich man who had contributed to party funds being *refused* a Peerage!

Did you ever know such humbug? Yet this is what the Marquess of Salisbury's brother-in-law said: "If there is any party man in England it is Sir John Brunner, and, although I have not the honour of being in his confidence, I feel perfectly certain that he has contributed liberally to the party funds. How monstrous it would be if, because he has so contributed, he should have been disqualified for the honour he otherwise deserved. My meaning is made so much plainer by the illustration that I think Sir John Brunner will pardon me for borrowing the use of his name."

* * *

Why Sir John Brunner was Mentioned.

From which it is pretty obvious that Sir John Brunner has been refused a Peerage. At any rate, it is some years now—Nov. 6th, 1910—since the *Daily News* first informed us that Sir John Brunner was to be ennobled; and, as Sir John Brunner has been wonderfully liberal to the Radical Press, the *Daily News's* prophecy was taken for "inspired." Sir John Brunner's peerage, however, turned out to be only a baronetcy when the next Honours list came out three days later, and since then the millionaire alkali manufacturer of Northwich has got no further towards the ermine. That he will get there some day is more than probable; in the terim Sir John is an illustration of what King George's with Mr. Asquith's honours suggestions!

* * *

Why Sir John's Peerage Failed to Eventuate.

Sir John Brunner's father was a Swiss; his mother a Manx; he was born in Liverpool; and he had a nurse. So he claims to be a man of Cheshire, and got a remarkable fortune out of the county which claims. He has been a staunch and unwavering party for many years, and he deserves his Peerage as much half the noble sixty-three who have ascended to the Chamber during the reign of the Radicals in the last years. King George, however, is absolutely determined that the Old Nobility shall not be swamped beyond recognition, and so Sir John, like some more rich men know, must be content with the "bloody hand"; Northwich baronet's benefactions range from specs for all the weak-eyed children in his division, to libraries and museums.

* * *

Belle Bilton's Bonny Daughter.

It doesn't seem like twenty-two years since Lord (now Earl of Clancarty) was chasing poor Belle round the stage-doors of London town, yet his Lordship's charming daughter by Belle is the subject of the romance. And may the young lady find life sweeter did her bonny mother, for all her wonderful success Bilton, Lady Clancarty, has been dead some years cancer in the throat took her off in a Dublin hospital and Lord Clancarty has married again, and has long mended his ways, and settled down to a life of sobriety and restraint. He can, however, claim to be father of one of the handsomest colleens Ireland sent us, and Lady Beryll Le Poer-Trench, whose engagement to Earl Stanhope's brother is announced, is one the most frolicsome girls in Society. She was one of earliest exponents of the Tango, and London has had more delightful boy-and-girl entertainments during past two seasons than those of Lady Clancarty on of her lovely debutante daughter.

Those who knew Belle Bilton in her prime are reminded of her by her daughter, Lady Beryll, who likely to be Countess Stanhope some day, for her brother, Earl Stanhope, is one of our bachelor Curiously enough, the Earl of Chesterfield, head more famous branch of the Stanhope family, also no children, nor has Lord Weardale, who was bashed the head by a "Suff." the other day, in mistake for Asquith. Lord Weardale was, of course, the "Phil" Stanhope, one of Earl Stanhope's uncles, he became one of the Radical sixty-three in 1906.

* * *

What the Parrot told Pearl Aufrere.

Talking of the Peerage and the Stage reminds me there is weeping and wailing in a certain theatrical at the news of Lord Dangan's wedding with the actress, Miss Picard. When Lord Dangan bought Aufrere that little blue monkey at the shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, one of Pearl's dearest friends told her it would play her another "monkey trick" one day now he has done it! However, Pearl wasn't surprised her former fiancé's marriage, for the *affaire* had been some months, though their friends were hoping it all come right some day. The monkey proved a trial to Pearl's fond ma, and the curtains have been a bad time of late. Pearl has another pet, a parrot its chief phrase is "You're up the pole!" The parrot proved prophetic!

* * *

Lord Dangan's Missed Opportunity.

However, Pearl Aufrere is not the only one of Dangan's friends who has been dished by his mar They said at the Gaiety that he went out West in of an heiress, and not without reason. Lord Cowley cut his son off for good; he is not on speaking terms the people at Eridge Castle (though his mother was Marquess of Abergavenny's daughter), and he has no but what he earns on the stage. With youth, ability lineage, Lord Dangan might have made a Vanderbilt Rockfeller, or a Gould girl happy, and done himself too!

But for the Wellesleys it must be admitted that have not been a race of heiress-hunters. The Duke Wellington, the head of the clan, is the poorest of dukes, though he can boast that none of the others

He: "Supposing I asked you to marry me?"
She: "Do you know what I should say?"
He: "No."
She: "Of course. Then why ask?"

arlborough) have greater cause to expect his country's
ratitude. Wellington is the grandson of the soldier who
ashed up Napoleon; got India for England at Seringa-
tam, Poona, and Ahmednugger; and wiped the floor with
the best Field-Marshals of Europe at Vimiera, Talavera,
Busaco, Torres Vedras, Fuentes d'Onoro, Almeida, Ciudad
Rodrigo, Badajoz, Madrid, Vittoria, Orthez, Toulouse,
Quatre-Bras, and finally put this country on an unrivalled
pinnacle at Waterloo.

* * *

The Poorest Duke—and the Way Out.

The Duke of Wellington, who is not an old man, can well
remember his grandfather's funeral at St. Paul's, and
the slow march through London in mourning.
The Duke married a Miss Williams for love, and he
has been struggling with up-keep bills for estates with which
royal country burdened his grandfather before there were
Lloyd-Georges about to make life intolerable. How-
ver, Lloyd-George came on the scene, preceded by Sir Wil-
am Harcourt, with his death duties, and when the future
fth Duke of Wellington (the present Lord Douro) got to
ears of discretion it is not to be cavilled at that his father
ave him "hints" that eventually made a bride of Miss
oats, who brought a few millions (all made out of penny
ells of cotton) down to Strathsfieldsaye! Lord and Lady
ouro get along remarkably well together, and Lord Douro
ends a lot of time at Glen Tana Forest, in Aberdeen-
ire, one of the Coats properties.

* * *

Four Countesses of One Name.

The Earl of Wilton, who seems to be in a bad way, is
of the Egertons, but in reality is a Grosvenor. The
ilton title has for many years been chiefly associated
th women, four Countesses of Wilton existing at the same
me. Three of them are alive to-day. One was a Miss
ith, who was widowed by the second Earl of Wilton in
82. Another Countess of Wilton is a daughter of the
cal Russells, and was last widowed by that popular sports-
an, the late Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart., who died
me months ago. The most popular of the Wilton
untesses to-day is Laura Lady Wilton, who married Mr.
thur Pryor in 1886, and has lived happily ever after,
d has been a successful hostess of Royalty on numerous occasions. Laura Lady Wilton is a daughter of the noble house of Craven, her father having been one of the Earls of that family. Lord Wilton is a little over fifty, and married well, his wife being one of the wealthy Thellussons, and they have a son and heir, Lord Grey de Wilton, who was born in 1896, and is in the Royal Navy.

* * *

Lord Kingston and the Dollar Princess.

Mention above of American heiresses reminds me of a funny story told me the other night by Lady Wood, in which an English lord—The Earl of Kingston—and a certain daughter of a dollar millionaire figured in an amusing relation. Lord Kingston arrived home from New York on the Campania one day last week; but he will not mind this little confidence having preceded him across the Atlantic. The lady, needless to say, will not be mentioned, except that she is in Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's set, and is still on the right side of thirty, and handsomely dowered. Lord Kingston, who is forty, and good-looking, found himself suddenly alone with the dollar princess, of whose engagement to be married he had just heard. Upon congratulating the vivacious fiancée upon the news, his Lordship was astonished to hear from her lips words of sweet surprise that such a rumour should have gained currency, "but, of course, you know, Lord Kingston, people *do* say such silly things nowadays!"

* * *

The "Joke" not Appreciated!

Lord Kingston was as much amused as puzzled; but his astonishment did not last long, for within five minutes his hostess came into the room, and, having grasped his hand with American enthusiasm, enquired very knowingly after the health of "Dear Lady Kingston"! The dollar princess's simpers immediately gave way to an offended hauteur, and, failing to conceal her chagrin, she announced that her fiancé was awaiting her at the Waldorf-Astoria, and promptly bounced off, without even offering Lord Kingston her delicate digits in a parting shake. Lord Kingston is, of course, very much married, though he doesn't look it, and his three little daughters are named Sheelah, Bridget, and Doreen King-Tenison, while his son, Lord Kingsborough, is seventeen.

Their Majesties and George Robey's "Cold."

Modern Life, which exclusively announced the coming visit of Their Majesties to the Palladium before even the Palladium authorities knew about it themselves, stated in the same issue that "the Royal arms over the Royal box had never yet had Royal fingers dangling over them." We mention this because, if what we hear be true, those same Royal arms will never have Royal fingers dangling over them again. The King and Queen are going to the Palladium on St. Patrick's Day, but the Royal visit has nothing Irish about it, and Joey O'Gorman is not to be allowed to sing on the occasion, although his charming wife, Irma Lorraine, is nightly showing her wonderful pictures and pearly teeth on the Argyll Street stage.

However that may be, a feast of fun is being prepared for T.M., and we shall see whether Queen Mary enjoys George Robey's account of how he caught that cold, and whether Her Majesty's fund of humour will run to an appreciation of why Miss Sydney Farebrother's (imaginary) husband "ought to have seen a plumber." If Mr. Fred Emney's famous sketch is told to their Majesties in an unabbreviated form—well, the Royal visit will, as likely as not, be the Palladium's "one and only!" Not that Queen Mary will be "shocked" by anything in it; but Her Majesty has a tremendous notion of her personal dignity, and anything exceptionally nutty affects Her Majesty's mind in a peculiar way. For ourselves, "A Sister to Assist her" brings tears to our eyes after an eighth course of it!

* * *

"Such is Fame"—on the "Halls!"

Incidentally, I note that the *Daily Telegraph* (Feb. 27) states that among the artistes at the Palladium performance will be "Clarice Mayne and *Tate*"! Such is Fame! Amongst the smart people who are to attend the performance, by the way, are the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duke of Newcastle. If their Graces find themselves together in the same box, it will take a good many George Robeys to interest them in the show, for what will more likely hold their Graces' attention will be—Why the Duke of Newcastle didn't bring *his* Duchess, and why the Duchess of Marlborough didn't bring *her* Duke." We can't help wondering whether the Duke will tell the Duchess the real truth, and whether the Duchess will tell the Duke the *latest* truth!

"Pork!"

One doesn't look for humour in the *Daily* [illegible] but there is a witty lino-operator in that office [illegible] cannot be repressed. The other day Lord Burnh[illegible] told how the Americans are rushing to get places [illegible] new income-tax list, in order that their incomes m[illegible] much larger than they really are. As nobody pa[illegible] tax in America unless he has got a clear [illegible] hundred pounds yearly, there is some sense in [illegible] wants "tick" getting his name in print in the [illegible] turns. So the *Daily Telegraph* provides us [illegible] of millionaires and their incomes, which it fra[illegible] is mere "guess-work." This is what in Fleet Str[illegible] be called "Tripe"; and as New York has total[illegible] income-tax payers, the *Telegraph's* irrepressible [illegible] tor set up its headline, "40,000 NEW PORK RE[illegible]

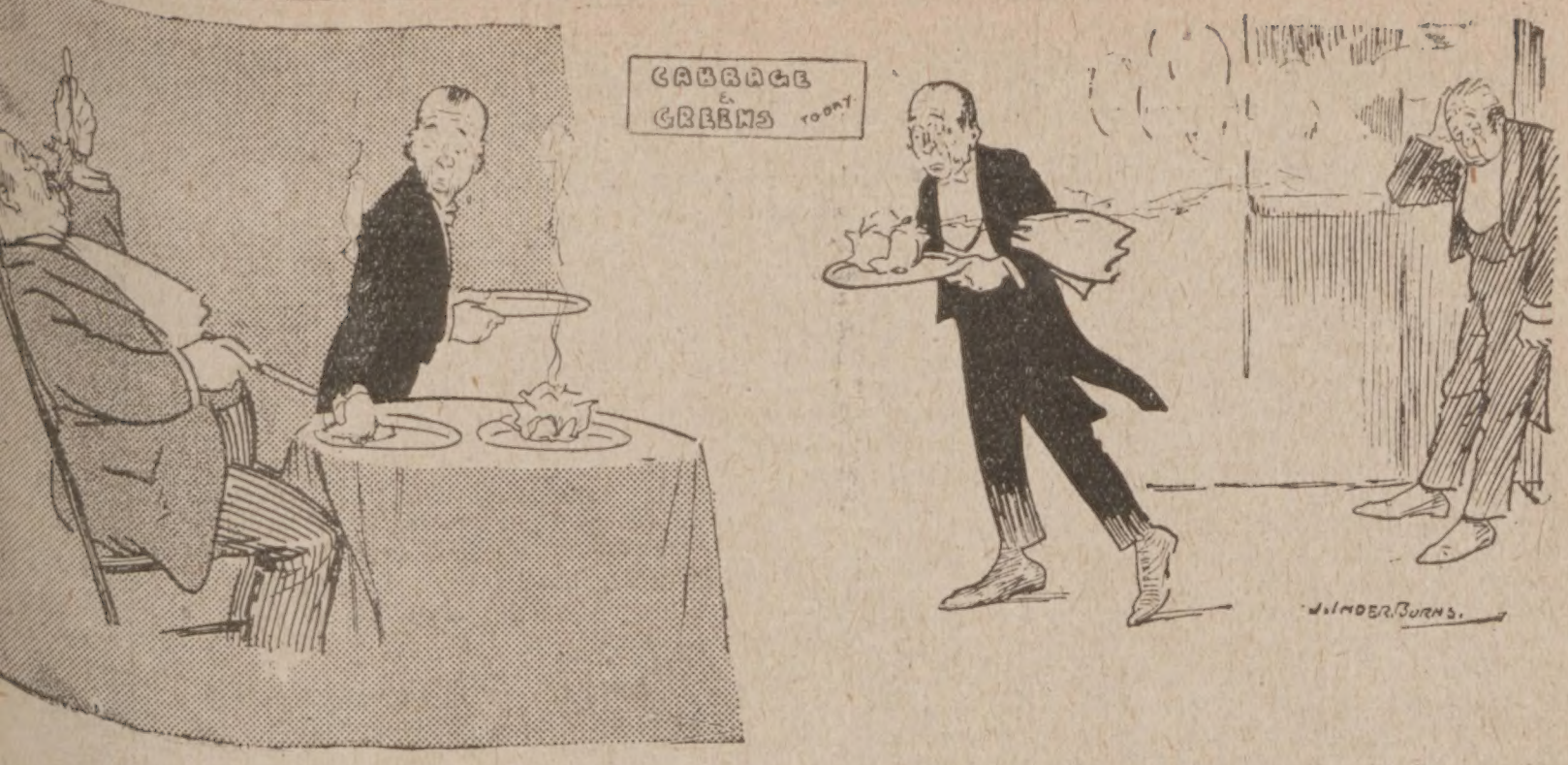
* * *

When the King and Queen Dine Out.

What we said last week about the lists of g[illegible] the King and Queen go out to dinner had a apposite illustration during the week, when Their went to the Marchioness of Crewe's. The diners forty, and of this number not half-a-dozen were Lady Crewe herself. Her sister, Lady Sybil [illegible] Captain Grant, were there, but none other of [illegible] ship's relations were honoured with invitations, [illegible] her father, Lord Rosebery, her brothers, Lord [illegible] and the Hon. Neil Primrose, nor their wives, were

The favoured forty were the official nominees King and Queen, with Lady Desborough, Lord [illegible] and Sir Colin Keppel in attendance, and Lord [illegible] family, the husband of the Queen's Mistress of [illegible] (the Duke of Devonshire), the Marchioness of [illegible] the Earl and Countess of Kerry (heir to Lord [illegible] the Pembrokes, Selbornes, and Curzons, with Sir [illegible] Hopwood (in whom His Majesty has such wonder[illegible] as an unofficial adviser), made up a party at dinn[illegible] was gloriously "entouragy," and had absolutely [illegible] tion to the personal friendships of Lord and Lo[illegible] Of Lord Crewe's relations only one (his Lordship's daughter, Lady Annabel O'Neill) was at the Roy[illegible] at Crewe House!

"I'm expecting a certain young man this evening, Father."
"Don't say certain, my dear. No young man is certain till you've got him."



TAIL-PIECES FOR GOLFERS: "STRONG ON THE GREENS."

...ns asking for Trouble.

...Kolapories have been tarring the statues of King ...rd and Queen Alexandra, and we shall await with ...interest the results of the "experiment." The last ...a statue to an English Royalty was tarred was suffi... ...y appalling to warrant our patience. The statue was ...ost beautiful in the Empire. It represents Queen ...ria seated upon a throne, under a splendid canopy, ... occupies a site in Bombay beneath a score of spread... ...anyan trees. It was in 1893 that the natives covered ...h tar, and as the statue is in pure white marble, the ...ture was, for the time being, terribly marred.

* * *

...ething like Vengeance!

...e *loyal* natives, of course, predicted a terrible ven... ...e on the part of the "Great White Queen." And ...got it! A few months later a ship from Hong Kong ...ght the plague-rat to Bombay. Plague spread like ...fire, and as recently as 1908, when the writer was in ...bay, a thousand natives died of plague every week. ...at time not one day had passed for fifteen years without ...e-deaths being recorded; and it may be so still. How ... thousands of natives and Europeans have died of the ...us disease since the tarring of Queen Victoria's statue ...impossible to say; but nothing shakes the native be... ...n Bombay that the plague was the vengeance of Her ...Majesty. The plague, by the way, had not visited ...bay for 70 years prior to 1893.

* * *

...prightly Nonagenarian.

... Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, the oldest member of the ...l Household, becomes a nonagenarian on March 14th. ...njoys wonderful health, and it was difficult to imagine ...the robust-looking Bath King of Arms at the installa... ...last summer in Westminster Abbey of the Knights of ...Bath had passed his eighty-ninth birthday. The dis... ...uished courtier has been a subject of five Sovereigns, ... of whom he has served at Court. Before his appoint... ...t in 1901 as Gentleman Usher to the Sword of State, ...Spencer had for forty-four years been Gentleman Usher ...ueen Victoria, and it is questionable whether any man ...ws more about Court etiquette and precedence than he. ...r Spencer Ponsonby-Fane married a daughter of the ...eenth Lord Dillon, who left him a large family, and he ... descendants to the fourth generation. He took, on ...iting the Somersetshire estate of Brympton, his mother's ...e of Fane, in addition to his patronymic, but his sons ...Ponsonby only. Three of Sir Spencer's brothers have ...Earls of Bessborough, and his nephew is the present ... Brympton, where the owner spends most of his time, ...lovely old house, and close by is a picturesque church, ...rain is represented Lady Georgiana Fane (from whom ...property was inherited), her head having been added to ...effigy of a headless ancestress. Not far away lives one ...Sir Spencer's daughters, Mrs. Phelips, whose home, ...ntacute, is a grand old mansion partly dating from ...ward VI.'s time.

Founder of "The Old Stagers."

In earlier years Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane was one of a small group of well-known men who were enthusiastic amateur actors. Among them were the Hon. William Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's uncle, and the late Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck, who was known in the House of Commons as "Little Ben." They created a school of amateur acting, whose traditions continue to this day. Sir Spencer, with Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck, founded, in the mid 'forties, "The Old Stagers," whose performances were the feature of the Canterbury Cricket Week. He was also a founder of I Zingari, and is the last survivor but one of the original members of that famous amateur cricket club, as well as the oldest member of the M.C.C., indeed the G.O.M. of cricket.

* * *

Madame's "French Maid."

I wonder how many people are *au courant* with the very startling and decidedly unpleasant experience which has just befallen the daughter of a Chicago millionaire, recently married to the nephew of one of our English Dukes? It appears that one evening, while a smart dinner party was in progress at the big house in Park Avenue, a couple of New York detectives arrived with a warrant to arrest the "French" maid whom she had engaged during her honeymoon trip to Europe. Hurriedly leaving her guests at the dinner table, she passed into the library where the detectives were waiting and there, to her horror and surprise, she learnt that the said "maid," who for the past six months had been performing the most intimate details of her toilette, was an Italian youth of 18, suspected of belonging to a gang of the most notorious anarchists in Europe. The youth was handcuffed and taken quietly off in a taxi, none of the guests in the house having any suspicion of what had happened.

* * *

The Flapper and the Novelist.

About eighteen months ago the pretty "flapper" daughter of one of our most illustrious families, having fallen romantically in love with the hero of a certain popular novel, wrote to the author requesting his signature. In due course she received back a page of almost indecipherable jargon, written, apparently in a man's hand-writing, upon one side of a sheet of foolscap. After a considerable amount of puzzling she put the sheet away in a drawer and thought no more about it until a few weeks ago when, on reading through a newly published novel, she recognised certain paragraphs as corresponding to those on the mysterious page of foolscap. Apparently the busy author had sent her a sheet of his working notes in mistake for the requested autograph. By the way, the young lady in question is no longer a "flapper," and she was among the most charming of the débutantes presented at court a few weeks back. Rumour also whispers that she has recently transferred her affection from the novel-hero to a real live one.

MORE OR LESS.

Iced Affection.

According to no less an authority than *The Times*, if you want to keep your looks you must keep your heart. There is sound sense in this, for love is very bad for the complexion. And, in spite of all the beauty-shops, once your complexion is lost, like a mislaid character, you can never get it back again. Personally, I think I would sooner lose my character than my powder-puff on a hot day. Men will overlook a reputation fragile as Dresden china if your complexion can be compared to that fragile ware as well. Some men, of course, prefer nature to art—and look upon a powder-puff as a wile of the devil. There was that husband, for instance, who in a moment of candour told his wife to go upstairs and take all that stuff off her face. But when she came down again in another moment of candour he told her to go upstairs and put it all on again. But I am wandering from my subject—which was the importance of not loving from the artistic point of view. Another argument in favour of keeping one's affections on ice, as it were, is the pleasure an unfortunate love affair gives to one's friends. As Heine cynically put it, "they burst their gloves clapping when they saw the lovers die."

* * *

Cameos in Amber.

Liverpool has been boasting about its pretty women. Other towns have naturally enough taken up the challenge. It is a fact, of course, that there are some pretty women everywhere. But, personally, I give Lisbon the palm for the beauty of its femininity. I have never seen so many strikingly handsome women in my life as in that town of rainbow houses. From the raven-haired ladies driving of an evening in the Almeida to the fish-girls in the market they are one and all delightful to the eye. Every woman looks a princess in disguise. Cameos in amber is the description I can give of these golden-skinned women. The men—oh, no thank you! They are the flies in the

* * *

A Napoleonic Echo.

There is a very old lady living who remembers Napoleon. She says she was only a very little girl at the time, but she remembers quite distinctly seeing the ex-Emperor of Europe on board the "Bellerophon" in Plymouth Sound after he had met his Waterloo. I envy that old lady. She has all met that hero of a thousand romances in the flesh, have ridden white horses with him through the great battles of dreams, have watched him standing on the shores of France straining his eyes towards the cliffs of Albion. What woman has never envied Josephine her supremacy over the greatest little man the world has ever seen? Yes, it must be worth while to be one hundred and two years old to remember having seen Napoleon.

* * *

The Bed of Gold.

We have all heard the story of the Princess in the fairy tale who couldn't sleep in spite of many feather mattresses because of a dried pea at the bottom of the first. But the man who slept on a bed full of unevenly distributed gold coins seemed to have found it quite a bed of roses. At least, in answer to a question put to him at the Wimbledon county court, he frankly admitted he did not find it at all uncomfortable to sleep upon six hundred pounds-worth of cash. I suppose as a matter of solid truth we would rather find a bed of gold far more comfortable to sleep upon than the average spring mattress. Speaking for myself it is not the kind of bed I could do with. "Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose"—or, to put it less poetically, that gold should vanish from the bed. The man who once owned that golden bed is now bankrupt!

* * *

Richmond and a Reflection.

Richmond is standing upon its dignity as well as upon a hill. It declines to be called a suburb. So do all the other suburbs, but with less reason. Richmond is the home of a king and two queens, exiled it is true, but the shadow of the crown falls across the heads of all the town's inhabitants none the less for that. So Richmond, through the mouth of the Mayor, calls itself a "riverside residence" and comes in an easy first so far as other suburbs which are not Mayfair and Belgravia are concerned. For the life of me I cannot make out why "suburb" should be considered such a deadly word. Yet the average man and woman would sooner be found guilty of poisoning a neighbour than of living in a suburb. Why? For the same reason, I suppose, that we walk with high-heeled shoes through most of the commandments, but cautiously bare-footed through the eleventh. We hate to be found out.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

Indignant He: "You only refuse me because I don't shower sovereigns on you."
Disdainful She: "Sure. If you showered so many that I was buried in them and couldn't see you, it would make a difference."

What is a "fyg"? And what insult does the word convey to a Russian. Is the baron's youngest son now satisfied that neither the expression nor the action accompanying it was dignified or even discreet? Did he spend a few days in bed after his man-handling by the young Russian student at the Gaiety, or following on his sad attempt at this rude form of ticism, and did he loudly complain of the foreign cads who hit below the belt, when in spite of his wonted boxing ability he was floored for the third time.

* * *

Mr. Somerset Maugham's re-appearance as a dramatist is by no means a matter of necessity, for he alone among the younger generation of playwrights has earned the fabulous sums which are supposed to be the reward of success in that difficult art. In 1908, with no fewer than four "plays" from his pen filled the bills at London theatres, his earnings amounted to a fortune, sufficient to buy in a handsome competency.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Those overdressed "knuts," who used to hobnob with Lord Dangan at the Strand bar, which is now the headquarters of the Marconi company, will no doubt, when drinking the health of their newly-married friend and his bride, wish the future Earl Cowley freedom from the matrimonial troubles of his father, who was married in January at Biarritz, for the third time.

* * *

It will be interesting to know whether the Merchandise Marks Act protects the British manufacturer, as it was intended the measure should. A buyer let out the other day that he could get goods in Germany much cheaper than in "the Potteries," and his firm's customers did not know but that the articles were of English make! Presumably only the case is marked "made in Germany," not the contents, otherwise how can shoddy German goods be foisted on to an unsuspecting public as British?

* *

It is rather surprising that persons who endeavour to prevent cruelty to animals do not take up the question of cruelty in connection with steeplechasing and hurdle-racing. Some jumps horses are expected to negotiate are quite as much as they can safely clear when perfectly fresh, let alone after pounding over a "sticky" course with mud up to the fetlocks, and to ask animals to take these severe jumps when "blown" through heavy going is simply courting disaster.

* *

Recently an owner lost a valuable animal under these circumstances, and it would have been instructive for the officials responsible for the jumps to have heard his remarks, which were eminently practical and to the point; at least several horsey friends cordially agreed. The owner in question is an excellent rider and keen hunting man, so no doubt there was much in his criticism. What about the Grand National course? Is not that a really cruel one for horses?

* *

It was rather unfortunate for the "Hersham hermit" that the *Daily Mirror* young man discovered him. Being well paid for posing in his cave, he did himself right royally and got a summons for being drunk, and his good fortune at having greatness (and money) thrust upon him so annoyed some members of a rival fraternity that they severely mauled him. When the "hermit" should have appeared at the local police court he was laid up in the infirmary waiting for his wounds to heal.

* * *

Mention was made the other day of an Essex manor whose lord holds it of the Sovereign for the services of making and serving ginger wafers at the Coronation, but in a Southern county (its precise whereabouts we withhold) is a manor which had to render a yet stranger service—that of finding the King a concubine whenever he came in the district! That model of the domestic virtues, George III., was greatly interested in this manor's obligation. Passing the old manor house while hunting, the King inquired about it, and when told the service due from its owner to the Sovereign, asked whether there were pretty girls at the place, and said he would stop and take some refreshment. Just then hounds went off at full burst, but at the end of a long run His Majesty returned to the subject. The manor was, however, miles away. * * *

Attention is being directed to certain so-called "sports" which involve the torment of harmless living creatures for man's entertainment, and it is urged they should be abolished "like bull-baiting and cock-fighting." But though the latter sport is illegal, it flourishes, and many cock-fights take place despite the vigilance of the police. In certain parts of Norfolk a cock-fight can often be witnessed by the "sport" who will keep his mouth shut, and at a little village we know of there is, or was a few years ago, an old innkeeper who made a good living breeding and getting ready game-cocks for the pit. The sport has, in fact, many patrons, and the "Fancy" includes, to our personal knowledge, a well-known master of hounds in the West Country, and a country doctor of some eminence, whose highly respectable and staid old-fashioned patients would be horrified at his favourite recreation.

* *

There is really nothing exciting in most of the "night clubs" but the name, and the influx of "respectable" people anxious to see the fun is so overwhelming that the small minority of the *demi-monde* finds itself awed into unwonted decorum. Most of those who intend to be present at the "pyjama" nights at one of these resorts will pay the fine imposed upon more decorous clothes, while the others will comply implicitly with the restrictions imposed by the Lord Chamberlain when licensing the last new play with a bedroom scene.

* *

The opponents of early closing get no support from Buckingham Palace, where the officials in charge of the arrangements for the Courts hustle the guests through their supper, and pack them off after the ceremony with a celerity that has called forth protests from more than one hungry dowager.

* *

A recent successful theatrical production should once for all silence the ridiculous story that a successful dramatist could produce no more plays after the stock of MSS. left by a deceased brother had been exhausted.

* *

Horse-lovers are hoping that when Colonel Hall Walker has got his Decrepit Horses Bill through Parliament, and put a stop to the revolting trade called by the Belgians "la honte de l'Angleterre," the member for Widnes will turn his attention to the poor pit pony, which drags out its existence in squalor and bitterness underground, and is cruelly ill-used also. Mechanical traction is used in most collieries abroad, as it could be here, so there is no reason whatever for ponies to be employed below ground dragging coal.

* * *

Is it true that the Countess of Prince's Gate bathes every day in hot goats' milk and cyder, and keeps special goats at Golder's Green for this purpose? Or is it just a yarn circulated by her jealous friends to account for her wonderfully youthful complexion?

A BARE-BACK PHOTOGRAPH.
The chance of her lifetime.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"RETURNED EMPTIES."

Have you ever been through a brewery, reader? It is a most interesting experience. You can learn almost all the philosophy of life in a brewery, if you only know how and where to look for it. I used to have a relative—one of those dear old respectable uncles of whom (as you know) I am so fond—who had a great big brewery; and it used to be the delight of his life to take me over the fountain of his beery millions, and point out to me the magnificent way in which he made beer (he seemed to think he was the only man in England who could make beer), and the magnificent way in which beer could be turned into beautiful carriages and horses, and beautiful houses, and beautiful orchids, and an occasional threepenny-bit for the poor starving men and women who used to disturb the tranquility of his evenings at home by having the impudence to ask for a glass of that succulent commodity which he, my dear respectable uncle, seemed to look upon as the foundation of England's greatness. And so I was trained as a boy, in one way of speaking, on beer. Which, of course, isn't interesting to you. Of course not. So I must proceed to make it interesting.

You have read in the papers of the death of Lord Minto. Well, the death of Lord Minto represents to me beer, and takes me back to the aforesaid avuncular gentleman. For when as a boy I was taken through that great big brewery, I used to see struggling men shifting and shoving great heavy barrels along as if they contained the gold of Ophir. And then I would see other men toying with other barrels that appeared to be as light as air, and piling them up with their little fingers, so to speak, like little children playing with pebbles on the beach. And I remember turning to my dear old uncle one day and saying, with the innocence of a child, "What sort of beer is that, uncle? The barrels seem so light." Upon which the avuncular gentleman turned to me with that withering look of scorn that Victorian uncles used to think proper for ignorant little boys, and growled out. "Returned empties." I remember that I wasn't quite clear what "returned empties" meant, but I should as soon have dared to ask a Bishop to explain a miracle as to ask for an explanation from my beery and ignorant uncle. For I was very much afraid of the materialistic old man—in addition to which (as I have found out since) he knew no more what "returned empties" meant than I did. And right at the back of his mind he must have known subconsciously that he couldn't explain what "returned empties" meant. He could have told me, of course, that they meant empty barrels that had come back to the brewery to be refilled. But he couldn't have explained, because he didn't know, that it was the phrase, the expression, the symbolic meaning that was really at the back of my (also subconscious) mind; and that when a child wants a thing explained it doesn't wait to be told that wood is wood, and that fat bacon is fat, and that a Liberal is not a Tory and a Tory not a Liberal. The child-mind wants to know, in its curious childlike way, something, however little, of the *meaning* of things, although, of course, the child may not know that it wants to know, or what it wants to know. And I, alas!—like so many others—have had to go all over the world, through toil and tribulation, and to live long years amid a non-responsive humanity, to learn the simple answer to the simple little question that I put to my poor old money-grubbing uncle.

The late Lord Minto was a "returned empty," because he went to Canada as Governor-General, with all the hereditary and acquired wisdom of the ages in his blood, and then came back to England with nothing whatever in his skull that might help the English people to understand Canada, to understand the wonderful mental and physical evolution that is going on among the Canadian people, to understand that one of the greatest questions of the day is the problem of Canada—what Canada is doing, what she is thinking, what she is going to do about the Empire, what she is going to do about her contiguity to the United States, what she is going to do about the Imperial Life into which she has been suddenly thrust, as it were, like a struggling boy who has gone to sleep and dreamed, and has awakened to find himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice and a boy no longer, but a man with vast and illimitable responsibilities. Lord Minto told us nothing about all this when he came back. He had been content, when in Canada, to submerge himself in ceremonialism, and figure-headedness, and do-nothing-ism, and flag-wagging, and bazaar-opening, and foundation-stone-laying—and all the other little things that are, laughably enough, supposed to give to Canadians a proper conception of the divine right of kings and their representatives. But at any rate when he returned he might have told the English people something about the resources and the possibilities of Canada, so that servant-girls would not rush there as to a Mecca of matrimony, and young men furiously, without thought, to a land of promise that will not be a land of promise for them, and men and women seek in lands of dreams the things that they have right at their feet in good old England, if they only knew it. He might have told us how to make of England what Nature intended her to be made of her. He might have told the English people something of the psychology, and not merely of the trappings, of Colonial life. He might have warned those who are over there across the seas, and not in Canada alone, that the battle is to the fierce and the strong, to those who are not afraid to live their lives, to take all the chances of a hard and rugged warfare in new and undeveloped countries, and to win through, it may be, only by blood and tears:

> "The men of the battered battalion which fights and it dies,
> Dazed with the dust of battle, the din and the cries,
> The men with the broken heads and the blood and the sweat into their eyes."

But Lord Minto was, nevertheless, far from being the worst of the "returned empty" old foozlers who have been sent out to "govern" British Colonies. In fact, in a way, he was not a foozler at all, but rather the opposite. That is, he was a foozler intellectually and psychologically (in which regard I have of course been speaking of him), but a splendid type of man in other respects. He was a great sportsman, a good soldier, a man without side or humbug in him, a delightful personality, and one of the most popular of men both in Canada and India—wherever he was in the exclusive circles in which he moved in England. But that is not the type of man that is required to govern a Colony or Dominion, or whatever you like to call it. Unless, of course, you are going to maintain that a Colonial Governor is to be just a blithering nonentity and nothing else. A Colonial Governor represents to a Colony what? England, and everything that England has been and is going to be. And it is just because men like Lord Minto only represent a dead England, and not the England of to-day and the England of to-morrow, that their Governorship is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. It is more nor less than an attempt to spoof the Colonies with some symbolic, sentimental sort of union with the Mother Country, when what they are after is a practical, even businesslike sort of union or none at all. For, let there be no mistake about it, Canada and Australia and South Africa, and even India, can only be held (if indeed they can be held at all in the end) by a strict policy of "delivering the goods." They are prepared to deliver the goods to us. They have delivered them during the South African war, when their young men flocked to the fight, and their women bravely withheld their tears at the sight of England rushing on the rocks. And rightly they expect us to deliver the goods to them.

And we certainly are not delivering a thousandth part of the goods when we send to Sydney a brilliant young fellow like Lord Beauchamp, who commenced his inglorious career in Australia by artlessly reminding the public, in his first speech, that the noble Tennyson had told them in one of his immortal and sloppy poems that although they were descended from convicts they could, by going to Sunday school, become good little boys on the road to Paradise. Australians don't want to be reminded that they are descended from convicts—in the first place because it is not to say that they are, and in the second place because the few who may be are well able to reply in terse and vigorous language, of an anti-drawing-room nature, that they are just as soon be descended from convicts as from the bandits from whom some of the aristocracy who have been sent out to "govern" them have derived their titles. We are again, delivering the goods when we send out to South Africa an incompetent nonentity like Lord Gladstone, who would sign away his politically-damned soul rather than look after the interests of the very working men who made his father what he was. We are not delivering the goods when we send out to South Africa a man like Lord Selborne, typical, if any man on God's green earth ever was typical, of the most nauseous form of Stigginsism and Chadbandism that ever disgraced an English Cabinet. Do you think South Africa, with all her errors, does anything but laugh at such men as these? Do you think she did anything

jeer when she saw Lord Gladstone, on his first arrival at Capetown—Lord Gladstone, remember, the bearer of a name that became famous in the annals of democracy—standing on the captain's bridge, and garbed in such a gorgeous travesty of a sensible uniform that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto him? A nice way, indeed, to salute a democratic community that hates and loathes the sycophancy and slobbery that have been typified to perfection in the ultra-ceremonialism that Radical Lord Gladstone has from the first imagined to be the fit and proper means of showing to South Africa England "as she is."

Do you think South Africa will do other than smile a huge smile when she reads of Lord Selborne, who went up and down the sub-continent with a face like a Sunday-school superintendent and a high and mighty moral altitude that blanched at the wickedness of Johannesburg financiers —when she reads of this emblem of England's greatness getting up in the House of Lords and denouncing the governmental financial immorality, of which he himself was a shining example when he was in an English Government? No, these are not the men the Colonies want. Rather would they be left to stew in their own juice, and to find their own way through the maze of difficulty and doubt that ever encircles them as they ponder over the complex problems of a progressive civilization.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

Ourselves and Other People.

Farmer Giles: "Yaas, thet's th' caow I hev for sale. Thar's one good p'int in her thet you kin depend on——" Subbubs: "Good gracious, that would never do. I'd need a quart at least."

* * *

AND SHE KEPT ON SMOKING.

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?" asked a preacher of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe.

"Yes, brudder, I 'spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, I'se heard it."

"Well, you smoke, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. So what do you say to that?"

"Well, when I go dere I 'spects to leave my breff behind me."—*Kansas City Farmer.*

THE BREATH OF SCANDAL.

"Look at the longeree, would ye! An' her gettin' only eight dollars a wake!"—"Puck."

Wife: The doctor said right away that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue.

Hub.: Heavens! I hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that!—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

JOY OF THE AMATEUR.

"He was engaged to a charming widow at one time."

"Yes; and he says he will always look back upon it as one of the most delightful inexperiences he ever had."—*Puck.*

* * *

Wife: What time did you come home last night?

Husband: Eleven-thirty.

Wife: I sat up until twelve.

Husband: Yes. I sat on the front steps until you retired, so as not to disturb you.—*Boston Globe.*

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"I know who it is. It's Auntie."—"Le Sourire."

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

If the lady who has just decided to become a member of a well-known angling club isn't at least forty-five years of age?

* * *

If her experience in the "fishing" line hasn't hitherto been confined to the troubled waters of matrimony, and how it is that her golden bait has persistently failed in securing her a really good "catch"?

* * *

If Earl Fitzwilliam isn't shaking hands with himself very heartily over the result of the divorce case?

* * *

The name of the pretty young pupil-teacher of the select Bournemouth boarding-school who has just eloped with the father of one of the pupils?

* * *

If their destination is the South of France, and if the head mistress has given out that the girl has gone home to attend a sick relative?

* *

The names of the two night clubs which have come to an abrupt and dramatic close of a very chequered career? And if a number of others are shortly to follow suit?

* *

If the nephew of a very important personage indeed tried to commit suicide in his hotel at Nice a few days ago?

* *

If the reason was that he had lost his own fortune and a good portion of that of a lady friend at the Monte Carlo gaming tables?

* *

And if the valet who was seriously wounded while trying to wrest the revolver from him is now lying in a critical condition in the hospital?

* *

The name of the Royal Prince who paid a visit to the pseudo-oriental palmist in her consulting rooms near Bond Street?

* *

If the lady had any suspicion as to the identity of her august client, and if the latter was altogether pleased by what she told him?

* *

The man who has just purchased a hairdresser's shop with the £300 awarded to him as compensation for the loss of an optical organ, certainly had an eye to business.

* * *

If a certain music-hall sketch, which two years ago was sold for the sum of £15, has since realised a net profit of several thousands, and what the author thinks about it all?

* * *

The identity of the little Mayfair lady who went for an aeroplane flight against the express wishes of her rather elderly fiancé, and if the engagement is likely to be cancelled in consequence?

* * *

If the titled lady who approached the actor-manager with an offer to "walk on" in his new play is more than usually "broke" just at present, and if her terms were too exorbitant for even an unusually generous manager to contemplate?

THE QUALIFICATION.

He: "I hear you are in musical comedy. Where did you study singing?"

She: "Oh, not at all. I went through a course of figure development."

If somebody picked up somebody else's *note-book* passage at Buckingham Palace the other day?

* * *

If sundry remarks and criticisms concerning people were not at once amusing and enlightening?

* * *

And if at least one weekly paper will now have to elsewhere for its "inside information"?

* * *

Who was the famous playwright who had an animated conversation with the match-seller in the a few mornings back; and are we likely to meet the prototype upon the stage at some future date?

* * *

If the financial affairs of a certain little chorus really as solvent as she would have people think?

* * *

If the burn on her wrist, which she attempted with bracelets when dining at Romano's the other was contracted while ironing out some underclothing previous day?

*

And what has become the young medical who used to pay for at Victoria?

*

If a certain dowager markably unprepossessing appearance is having portrait painted with to having it hung Royal Academy?

*

If the picture will truthful reproduction original, and, if it is, public are going to the shock?

*

If the charming American girl who was brought England at the beginning last season, with a view making a suitable with some English title, is carrying on a destine love affair well-known jockey, and will happen when come to a crisis—what are likely to do at moment now?

*

During a fancy-dress which took place a few back at one of the fash able sport places in Scot land a very beautiful charming American lady was taken suddenly ill fainted. Another lady, wishing to help, and not to think of any other on the spur of the mo took the steel key from book cabinet and pop down the pretty girl's back. The remedy apparently successful and the lady presently re The other lady then offered to retrieve the key, and her hand down the American's back brought up—a *man's gold sleeve-link*!

* * *

Are not the stakes reached at the Pall Mall club about midnight far too high?

* * *

Why can't the District Railway provide its carriages windows that *will* open?

* * *

Why did F. E. Smith go and hear the nine ex exports speak at Hyde Park? Was he preparing a new ment for Tariff Reform?

* * *

When is Lord Morley going to buy himself a new coat?

...they settle the strike at the newspaper office just ... was going to press. And how did they "settle" ... day?

* * *

...the English Trade Union leaders extremely ... the nine dear deported?

* * *

...for only one paper is required to substantiate ... very large estate near the East Coast of Eng... ...what missing document could be found would it ... great stir in the world of society? But has not ... gentleman of somewhat doubtful principles taken ... care that, except in the form of dust and ashes, it ... ever come to light?

* * *

...race-horse owner and devotee of the turf who ... long language in the paddock that other members ... weary of being seen about with him?

* *

...n very close by a young and beautiful music-... lienne? And how did she manage to square the ... the other night for the second house after having ... during the first house by her tirade of language?

* * *

...the officer of the Guards who arrived home at ... her morning on a S.P.C.A. relief horse, and ... police officer if he could tell him which way ... had gone?

* * *

...master of staghounds who has wagered £20,000 ... friends that they will not reach Cape Town ... in fourteen days by any means of locomotion ... soon?

* * *

...the well-known tailor who is in the hands of the ... How does he really think he is doing the two society ... down as successfully as he imagines he is?

* * *

...was the lady in St. John's Wood who interviewed ... "cokadoodle" man from the bedroom window of her ... the neighbours distinctly edified and highly ... And did she really think the situation bore any ... to the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet"?

* * *

...the young man who so persistently wears those terrible ... check socks take the hint when the musical ... him a box of draughts?

* * *

...funds came from which enabled the butler of ... merchant to quit service so suddenly and set up ... for himself in the nice, comfortable little ... at Walham Green? And if the affair doesn't ... of blackmail?

* * *

...are the Duchess of Marlborough got all her informa... ...on the subject of "ears" and "teeth"?

* * *

...Murray's salary with the firm of Lord Cowdray ... £10,000 a year, and if he has just had a rise?

* *

...main members of the chorus of a West End revue ... being paid £5 a week while others are only receiving ... for precisely the same work?

* *

...Alfred is about to write a novel dealing with ... up-to-date social problems?

* *

...the obscure poet who composed the verses ... famous music-hall star which now adorn ... of the Whitechapel fishmonger?

*

...of the Chicago kinema firm which has just ... ments to purchase ten of the twenty-two films ... Board of Film Censors have rejected dur... ...year as being utterly unfit for public exhibition?

* * *

...the lady of high social standing, who has been ...ing lace regularly into England from Belgium during ...ast eighteen months always manages to escape ...on?

* * *

...If her tips on both sides of the water are not unusually ...ge, and if she isn't making an excellent income out of the ...of the stuff?

If the waistcoats for women which, it seems, are to be boomed again this spring, will be of the straight variety?

* * *

If the race horse "Mercury" isn't rising rapidly in public opinion?

* * *

If it was not rather awkward when the short-sighted lady mistook the stranger at the Carlton for her husband; and if the gentleman she addressed was quite as tactful as he might have been under the circumstances?

* * *

If his Lordship is not growing more stingy than ever, and if he imagines that his political friends did not detect the soda-water in the very third-rate champagne which he served them at dinner the other evening?

* * *

Who is to have the honour of launching Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht?

* * *

How Mr. H. G. Wells's description of Lord Nelson as a "one-eyed, one-armed adulterer, rather fragile and prone to sea-sickness," will go down with the patriotic portion of the British public?

* * *

If the charming Australian lady, at present moving in one of the most select social circles, is the decoy of a certain gang of blackmailers, and how long it will be before the police realise the fact?

* * *

If the Bishop's son has become a convert to the cause of militancy, and if he is shortly to espouse one of the principal leaders of the movement?

* * *

If certain ladies of the theatrical world are very much annoyed that the Hon. "Dibbs" has taken up golf, and if the reason is that his enthusiasm for the game has considerably reduced their own claims upon his time—and pocket?

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE FAIR SEX.
(As suggested by modern feminine encroachments.)
No. 4. P.C. A1

TABLOID TOPICS.

A new Italian tenor is named Tincani. Comment is needless.

* * *

"The game of golf. Another burning question."—(*Observer.*) Suffragettes?

* * *

"Persecution of Paderewski," says an evening paper. Let's hope he will keep his hair on.

* * *

We read of the appointment of a new Colonel of the Black Watch. No doubt a sort of mainspring.

* * *

An express train driver and his fireman started a fight on the engine and both fell off. Untrained men.

* * *

"Violent Scenes in the Japanese Diet," runs a headline. We suppose it was the effect of lobster salad at 11.30 p.m.

* * *

Mr. Justice Darling says that we should cultivate a little incredulity. He certainly sets us a very good example.

* * *

"Aviator's feat. Flight over Mont Blanc," was a *Daily Telegraph* heading. We trust his toes were not frost-bitten.

* * *

Why shouldn't the Labour Party have a sweepstakes flutter? Is it to be all work and no play—not even a little gambol?

* * *

"A man's body was washed ashore at Dover to-day," says the *Globe*. As they've got 50,000 inhabitants, let us hope that several were.

* * *

We read the other day that the pianoforte was invented in Germany. So, we suppose, was the fiend who taught the girl in the flat next to ours.

* * *

A weighty manifesto against the importation of plumage has been signed by a number of peers and distinguished men. More featherweight champions.

* * *

We read that a system of curing burns by the use of sunlight has been discovered. What a pity that they did not wash him with it before he wrote his poetry.

* * *

Daily Telegraph:—"Yesterday, being Washington's birthday, the New York Stock Exchange was closed." Showing respect to the cherry tree incident, no doubt.

* * *

Mr. Gordon Selfridge believes in optimism in business, which quality can be written "Shoptimism." The trader should allow no blow to take the wind out of his sales.

* * *

Mr. Sydney Grundy is breaking out again into play-making. He must mind Mrs. Grundy, who is colossally clever at seeing things through a pair of spectacles—her own make.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke gave a blue-in-blue concert at the Arts Centre. Not much novelty in that. The variety halls are not undistinguished for the azure tint of their entertainment.

* * *

A circus elephant which escaped from his cage at a railway station near Berlin was chained to an engine and taken to a train. In this he placed his trunk and quietly consumed a few buns.

* * *

Mr. Jones Lied, addressing a meeting at the London Chamber of Commerce, said that the horns of wild maral deer in Siberia were used in China as a life-elixir. Wonder whether Mr. Jones Lied!

* * *

A lady witness in a high court case was asked last week (according to the *Daily Chronicle*): "Do you pac se hyp o ism?" "No! I don't. I know nothing about it," was the brave answer. We are glad to hear it—for that way madness lies.

* * *

According to Mr. J. H. Badley, headmaster of the Bedales Co-education School, Petersfield, up to fourteen girls develop more rapidly than boys: but after that age the boys outstrip the girls. Well, our observation of present feminine fashions had led us to believe exactly the contrary.

"A Scottish Drama in two parts," announces a kinema. "Highland reels" no doubt.

* * *

"Making Eyes. The result" reads a newspaper p... Well, of course, it all depends upon the lady.

* * *

A kinematograph firm have expressed a desire to ... Mr. Lloyd George. But we always thought that ... the duty of the Liberal M.P.'s.

* * *

Pauper snuff, we understand, will be a banned l... workhouses from April 1st next. This, we fear, ... up some of the inmates' noses.

* * *

A Russian charged at Old Street with begging ... although he had done no work for four years, ... slept in a workshop. Rash man!

* * *

Mr. Lovat Fraser writes in the *Evening News* on "... —By one who has smelt them." All right, Mr. ... needn't crow; you're not the only one.

* * *

Someone has written a musical work called "The ... tive Staircase." We sympathise. We have found the... spiteful and inclined to hit back late at night.

* * *

A contemporary says "that life is easily explained ... everything goes all right." But it is far more ... explained when everything goes all wrong.

* * *

The new serial story running in the *Weekly* ... is called "The Half-Lie." What is the meanin... sudden change of policy on the part of the Assoc...

* * *

Mr. Williams, the Chief Constable of West ... placed it on record that stoutness among the ... as a bar to promotion. But many of the "bo... a bar to promotion.

* * *

Under the heading of "A Paris Novelty" a... contemporary displays the photograph of a charming... This is a mean slight and in direct opposition to the ... of *l'entente cordiale*.

* * *

At the East Ham court last week the only defe... down on the list was a woman, and she did not ap... The magistrates waited over two hours for her. ... we are told that the age of chivalry has passed.

* * *

Dr. F. Barrett thinks that it is high time that a ... medical treatment was devised for the disease of love. ... we suggest strychnine in large doses as a safe cure. ... in less serious cases, marriage could be given a trial.

* * *

The *Daily Citizen* wishes to know if it is not ti... the practice of kissing babies during electioneering time... discontinued. Certainly! The custom is ridiculo... ...lly — when — maps of the bonnie — have such fine ... and beautiful elder sisters.

* * *

The Vicar of Claygate has developed a new syste... curing all the ills that flesh is heir to. It is summe... in the words: "The modern nose does not do enough ... And this is the days of clerical purity campaigns and ... ral interference with other people's business!

* * *

An attempt is being made to introduce the fashion ... women here, of painting their face, breast, or neck ... some picturesque figures of animals or birds. We ... hardly think that this fashion will prove popular, for ... certainly never be taken up by our actresses. Having ... bird well in the neck might rouse up painful memories.

* * *

A choir of 670 railway workers sang before the King ... Queen last week, at the Albert Hall. A stirring ... of the evening was the massed chorus singing "The ... on the Line." We hear that our budding cubists have ... struck with the idea, and are now busy rehearsing a str... plaintive chant which they are going to give outside ... lington House from May 1st onwards, for ten ... nights. The lyric-wail is a futurist chant, and will be ... titled: "The men who ought to be on the line—but are ...

THE KNUT.

AS HE SEES HIMSELF AND AS WE SEE HIM.

IN STAGELAND.

Cheer up! The day of these theatrical lectures with the alleged strong moral significance is all but ended. The last of them has succeeded in nothing more than the presentation of a dully unpleasant and none too accurate reflection of a sordidly vicious minority from its "street" aspect. Sunday, of course, was chosen as the day. The Pioneer Players was the society responsible. "The Daughters of Ishmael" was the inapt title, with futility and shamefulness deservedly shadowing the whole folly. The caste didn't matter, and if it did no names would be mentioned in the artistes' own interests, as they had so very little indeed of which to be proud. I hope it is all adequately regretted.

* * *

Captain Harry Graham is, in my opinion, the finest living writer of satirical verse. Indeed his lines possess a frivolously subtle quality that almost surpasses the work of the late master, Sir W. S. Gilbert. Their two methods are curiously closely alike in their strong lyrical value. Bearing this in mind I went very early to the Criterion Theatre on the occasion of the presentation of Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Mr. Bronson Albery's "A Pair of Silk Stockings," as I was notified that the curtain-raiser would be "State Secrets," by Harry Graham. Of course, I anticipated light social satire of the strange calibre of ability that one has learnt to demand of Capt. Graham's work. Instead we found a little playlet of the "earnest endeavour" type, which, if any proof were needed (and it is not) would finally indicate that Captain Graham is far too valued an exponent of a rare humorous verse to waste himself otherwise.

* * *

"A Pair of Silk Stockings" itself does not encourage one to comment to any material extent. One may say, however, that it exhibits the clearest signs of having originated from a source of the most brilliant intelligence. All that is good in it is utterly swamped by the decision of the Criterion management to become for the nonce one of that flock of theatrical sheep which allows lingerie and innuendo to replace the sparkling dialogue and general pleasing aspect of the more legitimate comedy we were wont to enjoy.

* * *

Mr. Gilbert Colona informs me, with regard to Miss Rosina Filippi's People's Theatre, that the scheme has actually materialised, and that "The Merchant of Venice" will be presented at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo (known to scores of thousands as "The Old Vic.") on the evening of Easter Monday. "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "The School for Scandal," and one other (probably Mr. Shaw's "Candida") will be produced on alternate nights for the first four weeks. These brilliant classics are actually in active rehearsal at 316, Regent Street.

Now here is a most significant item of Mis[s] arrangements. In spite of the elaboration of this p[lay] and the consequent extension of the periods usu[al] rehearsal of repertory, all artistes are being paid rehearsals. This fact alone should bestow a sort of [sanc]tion on this wonderful scheme, which has startl[ed] good wishes of all who have the best interests of drama at heart. At the end of the most important at present in view (from next September to M[ay]) cent of net profits will be set aside for distribu[tion] bonus to the artists and managerial staff. It is [also] that, as a consequence of the project's happy finan[cial] tion, a theatre in North London will be opened [simul]ously with and on precisely similar lines to The O[ld] whose seating capacity, I was astonished to learn,

* * *

They were three very crotchety old gentlemen who pied the stalls immediately in front of me at the H[ay] Theatre recently. Even the wonderful production liant twentieth century brains that we have learned to ciate and admire as "Within the Law," did not quench the indignation they allowed to take possession their souls. The fact of the matter was that their were, just for the time being, like the telephone out of order; and they were unduly articulate over grievance against the Haymarket whisky. As they breathing all sorts of dire distress for Mr. Frederick H[arri]son I thought it was only decent to notify him of the impending cataclysm. However, all that happened was that was a surprise test of all the liquors sold by the with the result that everything was found to be high standard of excellence.

* * *

At the Palace these days is to be found Severin magnificent mimic with a new method and a powerful Also there is Mme. Anka Layewa, the sweet Servian whose numbers are the pick of the Balkan folk-[songs] who is this lady of the knotted, muscular legs, and she replace the charming conventional chiffon usual to her profession with a bizarre costume jerkin and cream tights? I have no prog[ramme] neighbours whisper "Nijinski." Good heav[ens] right. It's a MAN! The peculiar thing about it one is fair its undoubted beauty must be one does so grudgingly, and just as one would the male winner of the world's sock-knitting cham[pion] I don't think one need admit in this case that man for a' that"!

W.R.

THE MODERN DRAMA IN THE MAKING.

THE DREAM SELLER MEN.

...am Seller Man came through the soft evening ...ing a little as he passed nearer to the edge of the ... Somewhere, a nightingale was singing its best, ...ittle crescent moon shone up in the sky like a piece ...r.

...arried under his arm a portfolio of the best dreams ...d ever been manufactured in Dreamland, and be... he knew the dreams were good and wonderful, the ... Seller was glad.

...ent gaily down the open road, and at the gate of a ... spoke to the Angel who was on night duty there.

... dreams, any dreams?" he cried eagerly.

...Angel shook her head.

...t here, she said, sorrowfully. "Death has been here, ... one will sleep to-night."

...Dream Seller Man hung his head:

... I danced to-night, coming through the forest," he ...gretfully.

... * *

... ...pplied the village with dreams, and his ... ...ty, the Dream Seller Man winged his way ... ...t was one o'clock and the city was still

...et another of his kind in the Green Park.

...lo," he said, "...

...eams?" ...e other. "My friend, what is the use of ...ams are never wasted," said the Dream Seller Man, ... "That is my experience, and I ought to know."

...riend sighed:

... were always an optimist," he said. "That is be... ...ou have always worked in the country. Try a spell ... in London, and see what a tedium it is."

...y want dreams here as much as anywhere," said the ... Seller Man. "You are getting worldly. It is for ...supply dreams—not to moralise."

...older than you," said his friend. "And I know the ...better. Frankly our day is over—people don't ...in us now. You know it was all right when Joseph ...ted a King's dream and became famous, but I tell ...y friend, that our game is done."

...at makes you think that?" asked the Dream Seller ...easily. "You talk like Father time, who is always ...ing from morning to night. I've come from the village ...believe in dreams there. You come with me to-morrow ...K, and see for yourself. There will be no talk at ...st exc... what they all dreamed about the night ... must have been given a stock of cheap and ...ed dreams, by mistake."

...gilt-edged," said the other angrily. "They don't foist ... ...no. I only deal in dreams for grown-ups, ...carefully I select them, I can tell you. No, my ...iend, our game is done for. The whole thing is ...me. impossible. The very way they talk of dreams ... There are dream Tangos, and dream waltzes, ... dreams, but if you believe me, every ... ...ese human nuisances believes that when he dreams ...ways because he had something heavy for supper the ...efore."

... ... sup on bread and milk," said the ...

... sup on funny things that the Devil in a mis... mood whispers into the ears of the Chefs," said ... "And having pains in the middle of them after ...these things, they think that is what makes them ... But I'll get even with them yet. They shall not ...me and put my fine dreams down to lobster ...

... ...

... ... said his friend. "Just look how late ... ... Half of 'em are at supper now, drink... ...gels tell me is very bad for their nerves. And others ...ight clubs, doing Argentine Tangos—some of them ...the Devil even is ashamed to own as his own before ...s first class *are* getting an impossible lot I must ... there are others squabbling over cards and bil... ...d other things that they call games. And then a lot more of them are singing that song I'm perfectly sick of."

"What's that?" asked the Dream Seller Man with curiosity."

"Oh, 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow,'" said the other.

"But who is the 'jolly good fellow'?" asked the Dream Seller Man.

"The one who pays, of course, stupid," said the other. "You're getting shockingly blunted, and a fearful bumpkin."

"You said you were going to 'get even' with those who disregard your dreams," said the Dream Seller Man hastily.

"So I am," replied the other. "I've laid in wait for them, and to-night my portfolio is full of nightmares—the most expensive ones, and all got up exactly like the pretty dreams."

"It's very wrong," said the Dream Seller Man.

"Not at all," said the other. "You haven't seen the latest insult to us."

"Which one?"

"Why, things ragged men put under doors—little books called 'Dream Books' with an explanation of dreams on the pages, mixed up with letters about somebody's pills curing indigestion, sleeplessness, and . . . other things."

The Dream Seller Man arose slowly:

"I'm going back to the country," he said.

* * *

He hid in the farm-house chimney corner next morning and waited. The family were taking breakfast.

"I had such a lovely dream," said the pretty daughter. "I dreamed of Jack."

Her mother stirred the tea-pot.

"Cats are enemies," she said, "and dogs are friends, but I don't know what it means to dream of one's sweetheart. I'll get that little book that came by post and see if it tells."

The Dream Seller Man inwardly promised the fat old lady a nightmare for the next night so vicious that she would never be able to make head nor tale of it.

* * *

O unknown ones—if you dream to-night, do not, I pray you, think that it is cheese and cucumber, or try to explain the wonder. Dreams are sent to amuse us when we are asleep, and the Dream Seller Men only want a respectful audience.

Last night I dreamed my beloved kissed me . . . and dream kisses are sweet!

If you have never had any, you know the reason why, now, don't you?

C. N.

Who is the artist and picture-restorer not unknown to the trade who carries on his tricky business in the purlieus of Fitzroy Street? Is it a fact that on two known occasions pictures of some value were sent to him for restoration, and wonderfully clever copies were sent back in their stead? Why were not proceedings taken against him in these two instances?

* * *

Who is the titled lady who has just been placed under strict surveillance? Is there really great danger of her homicidal mania, which she has inherited from her grandfather, breaking out again, and leading her to perpetrate a mad act similar to that by which she so nearly brought about her father's death six weeks ago?

* * *

In an article in the *Evening News* headed "Cranks I have met," Sir Thomas Dewar, the mighty hunter of lions, savagely lashes the critics who have denounced him for killing eleven lions three months ago. He points out that by destroying these eleven, he has really destroyed 250 potential lions that would have developed from them by the end of three years. Also, we might add, the 879,643,281 lions that would have accrued in one thousand years. Oh! wicked Sir Thomas Dewar.

* * *

The latest fad in the German Army is chemical food pills, and experiments are being made upon many regiments as a first step towards building up an iron nation. Our German friends will now only need a little blood mixture in order to produce a mighty nation of "blood and iron."

TIT-BITS OF TONALITY.

The recent production of an attempt to depict in music a firework display is not, we understand, to remain uncopied. Many of our more daring composers are in the throes of compiling similar monumental works. For instance, Mr. Albert Smith, who comes from Darwen (which is quite the wisest thing to do in connection with that city of joy) is just putting the finishing touches to a symphony of which the motive is cotton spinning on a faulty loom—surely an inspiring theme for any composer. Unfortunately we fear that Mr. Smith, owing to his carelessness in being born an Englishman, is likely to be disqualified before starting, as it is well known that this country is not allowed by international law to produce musicians.

However, some comfort may be found in the fact that Herr Sezvinzckwi (whose name is not intended to be pronounced, but is placed on the programme more as a guarantee of good faith than bad manners) is shortly giving to a gaping and expectant world a suite for orchestra and chorus entitled (that is when you have eliminated the unnecessary vowels, sold some of the consonants as remnants to a job buyer, and translated the remainder from the original Russian) "Dining in Many Countries." Some account of this epoch-making work may not come amiss.

The first number, which may be termed a Pastoral, depicts a German of mild habits and emphatic presence eating sauerkraut. In a soothing six-eight rhythm the number starts with a dainty little melody, given to the saxophone, muted clarionets, and harps. This combination is unusual, but then—so is the subject of the composition. It represents, as will be easily guessed, the mild yearnings of the worthy gentleman for a delicate meal, and it is quickly interrupted by the strings insistently chirping a three-bar theme which can only mean "What shall I eat? What shall I eat?" One just gets the idea and then triumphantly the bassoon, trombone, cornet-à-piston, and cornet-à-l'ice-cream (ha'penny each off any barrow in the summer) announce "Sauerkraut! Sauerkraut! !" The themes are then deftly woven together, and the listener learns with satisfaction that the gentleman has decided on that repast, and is looking forward with great enjoyment to his meal. The tonality, as also the time signature, are hastily changed; from six-eight in A flat we are switched on to a more unusual seven-eight (a discount of three per cent. allowed to those taking a quantity) rhythm, while the key-signature wanders with great catholicity between E sharp, G flat minor, and several other letters not always found in music-books, but invariably present in the alphabet. This section represents the hero's disposal of the food, and his evident appreciation thereof. The introduction of a new instrument called a Leepsmacher —we do hope this is not meant for humour—greatly heightens the effect. A haunting little figure, which crops up now and then on a combination of bassoon, spittoon, and viol de gamba can only be taken to mean that the gentleman is careless in his eating, and has dropped some down the ample proportions of his waistcoat. Another which is given combined in the upper register of the strings and the lower register of the listener's diaphragm must illustrate his use of a serviette to wipe his mouth. Surely this must be a solecism—no German would be guilty of so heinous a breach of etiquette. One number concludes with a very fair presentment of the premonitions of indigestion. And serve him jolly well right!

It is perhaps unnecessary to go through the whole suite in detail. Suffice it to say that subsequent numbers deal with such inspiring themes as "Central Africans dine off Missionary," "An Early Breakfast and Almost Missing the Train in Bexley Heath," "A Yankee Yanks a Clam-chowder" (your really *must* hear the composer's terse description of a Clam-chowder in B flat major, and thirteen-ninths rhythm—push stroke barred), etc., etc.

We hope the idea will grow. We should love to hear an Orchestral Prelude dealing, for instance, with the feelings of a Great Western express engine compelled to stop by signal at Bourton-on-the-Water, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Toad-in-the-Hole, or some other exciting village in those parts. (Yes, they do really exist—you look up your A.B.C.). We should like to hear depicted in music the disappointment of Aston Villa's supporters when Manchester City, or some other club, beat them in the Cup Final. The "Coop" contrapuntally treated would be a perfect musical experience.

Don't you love the word, "contrapuntally?" I have been dying to drag it in ever since I started this article.

SYDNEY ERNEST.

— Ye —
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A man buying Sporting Goods, whether it will be a Gun, Rifle, Cartridges, Golf Clubs or Balls, a Motor Car or a Motor Bicycle, feels safer if he knows he is dealing with a man who thoroughly understands the goods he is handling. This is our idea, each department in charge of an expert; we cover the whole ground of sport, and you will be perfectly safe with us. Come along and talk it over.

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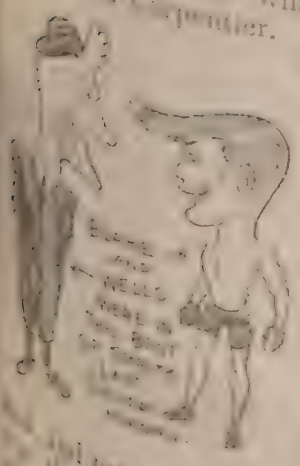
MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

We ... glad that the Bombardier has won his match ... Blake, and moreover has won it so well that ... what sort of a horrible fluke was his ... Carpentier.



For Blake at the Palladium put in two terrific rounds against him, and failing to rush Wells off his feet, was beaten and knocked out in the fourth round. It might have been the third had it gone another half-minute.

CARPING CRITICS.

And Wells is even now criticised by a section of the press. Never has he been any good with them. He has won his fights, but they have never been convincing; at his best he has been a worthy champion. Up to last Tuesday Blake ... defeated boxer who was going to revive the ... fistic art in England, and now he is only a ... t, who never ought to have been pitted against ... man as Wells.

... well! It is hard lines to be a champion under ... Wells fought a very fine fight, against a ... man who was roughing and rushing him all the ... nce was good, and his punches which settled ... the third round would have knocked out most ... Blake only reeled and staggered, and Wells had ... finishing touch to it in the fourth meeting.

BLAKE A LA CARPENTIER.

... box in the Carpentier style, and did it so ... Wells was hard ... the stress ... that whirlwind period of Blake's ... to find ... good as won his battle.

... those men who find hero worshippers at ... As a good judge said last night, he has only to ... in three to be a popular hero. It is a sort of ... ism, a glamour of the ring, which holds the ... has lost, and he may lose again and again, but ... leave ... draw while he is fit to don a glove. ... people, but we like a man, and Billy Wells, ... highly strung nerves, is a man. Some of the ... of the day, actors, singers, scientists, have ... facing an audience, and Billy Wells ... When he has been beaten he usually beats ...

... while Blake has challenged Pat O'Keefe, the middle-... champion, and has himself been challenged by Bor-... American middleweight.

INTERNATIONAL SOCCER.

... raw with Scotland in the soccer international, at ... week, is one of the surprises of the football ... almost as big a surprise as Ireland's victory over ... at Middlesbrough. Ireland had already beaten ... and now a draw with Scotland will give the "dis-... country" her first victory in the international tourn-...

... wonderful players attached to English ... is the evergreen Billy Meredith, at outside right, ... for Manchester United, and who is probably the ... consistent outside right of the last two decades. Had ... Englishman, or a Scot, he would have gained ...

... good forward in Davis, of Millwall, ... a dashing, tearing player of the right ... Meredith's centre, and although he did ... the S... defence some very anxious ... centre-half, was another outstanding ... of Wolverhampton Wanderers, kept a ...

... players were not at all convincing. They ... Anglo-Scot in the team, but he has probably made his place secure for the Scottish matches against Ireland and England. I refer, of course, to Donaldson, of Bolton Wanderers, at outside right. He was certainly the best man in the Scottish attack, but was not too cleverly supported. Scotland were weakest at half-back, but Kelso and Dodds, the backs, were not reliable enough for Scotland against a top-class forward line. Brownlie played well in goal, and with Donaldson is about the only player almost certain to retain his place in the team. We are all hoping that Ireland will beat Scotland, or even draw with them, and secure the championship for the first time in the history of the game.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY.

The Irish "Rugger players" covered themselves with glory in their match at Belfast against Scotland, and winning by two tries to nothing gave England the best chance of carrying off the triple crown again. England has beaten Wales and Ireland, and has to meet Scotland in the Calcutta Cup match at Inverleith, Edinburgh. As Scotland have now fallen to both Ireland and Wales, it should be a shade of odds on England. But the Rugger international between the counties is just one of those games in which surprises are frequent, and well as the Englishmen have done the team may not fare so well against Scotland. There are not likely to be many changes in our side. Roberts may be shifted over to right wing three-quarter, and Lowe dropped, and Watson may come into the side. But it is like the dangerous practice of changing horses when crossing a stream, and possibly the selectors would be better advised to let well alone There is a suggestion that Lambert, of the Harlequins, is playing so well that he should come into the side of the left wing three-quarters.

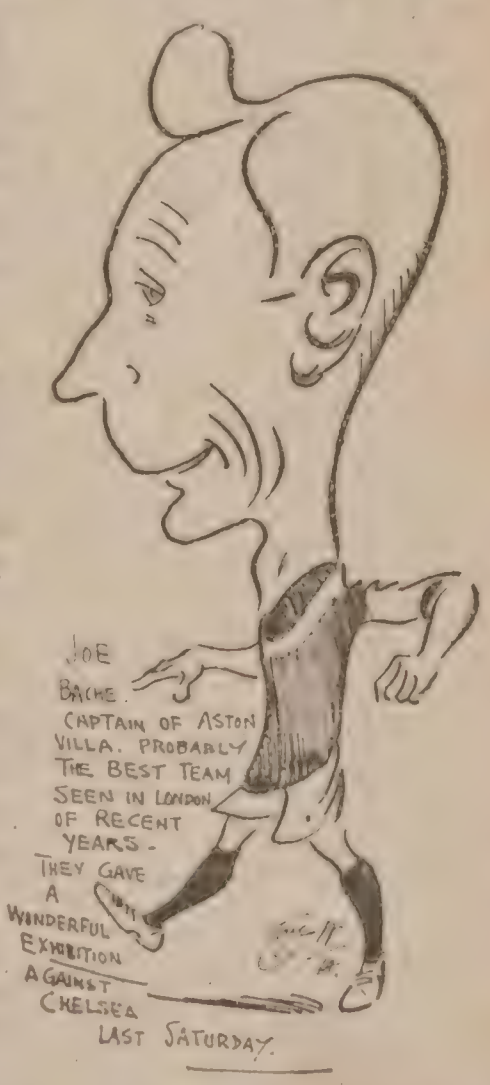
BILLIARDS.

Those responsible for the matches made by young Newman must be disappointed now that they did not enter him for the professional championship, which is now in progress, and of which Inman is the holder. He beat Stevenson in last week's tournament by more points than he received, and I happen to know that Inman thinks him the second best player of the day. We all can guess whom Inman considers the first of the bunch.

At the time of writing these notes it looks as if Geo. Gray will be eliminated in his heat with Tom Reece, who started very strongly indeed. In that case the final will probably be between Stevenson and Inman. The latter has never yet beaten his greatest rival in a level match, but he has improved so much since they last met that I think he is sure to win this year's championship.

A GREAT MILER.

Many people strongly believe that A. N. S. Jackson, the Oxford athletic president, has it within his power to beat W. G. George's long standing mile running record of 4mins. 12 3-5secs. He holds the 1,500 metres record of 3mins. 46 4-5secs. made in the Olympic games at Stockholm, in 1912. Last week he broke the mile record for Fenners by doing it in 4mins. 22 3-5secs., a wonderful performance for the time of year. Little less wonderful was the quarter of Rudd, the South African, at the same sports, of 50 secs. At least one of the official watches made it 49 4-5secs. Rudd should win the quarter mile A.A.A. championship easily, and the mile is a gift for Jackson if he goes for it.



A GOLFER WITH NERVES.

I had a chat with J. H. Taylor at the Wells-Blaise match on Tuesday. He told me that even now he sometimes gets that awful nervous feeling that comes over Wells in some of his matches. It is as a rule at the start of a game, and one or two good shots always puts him right. But some days the good shots won't come, and then, like all golfers, he will go from bad to worse. Boxing is not the only game that a man has nerves at. J. Taylor was about the most delighted man in the house when Wells won.

MR. H. C. VIRR WHO SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED HIS TITLE OF AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPION AGAINST MR S. H. FRY

CRICKET.

After appearing at one stage to be a fairly even game the fifth and final cricket test match ended in an easy victory for England by ten wickets, and so the South Africans have not proved successful in one of the matches, and England has won four and drawn one. In every way the tour can be considered satisfactory from an English point of view, but in many respects regret has been caused by the comparative failures of the South Africans, not only in the tests but in all matches.

Of course against a bowler like Barnes these failures can be excused. When the team left for the Colony there were many who not only thought, but openly stated, that Barnes would not be the force on matting that he is on grass. His record, however, has fully convinced those sceptics that they were wrong. During the tour he succeeded in establishing a test match record by taking his 141st wicket, and in the four tests—he did not play in the last—he took 49 wickets at a cost of 10.93 each.

YOU PHILADELPHIAN LEMON! YOU'VE GOT A FROZEN MIT
APROPOS OF THE AMERICAN BASEBALL TEAMS' VISIT TO LONDON THE MOST USEFUL PLAYER SEEMS TO BE THE MAN WITH THE STRONGEST LUNGS.

Hobbs has also had a great time, and although he did not succeed in reaching the century mark in any one of his eight attempts his average of 63.28 shows his remarkable consistency. The Surrey crack rarely fails in a test, and his full record is as follows:—In Australia 1907-8 he scored 302 runs with an average of 43. In the [illegible] when the Australians visited this country his total 132 with an average of 26. In South Africa he knocked up 539 runs with an average of 67. In 1911-12 he scored 662 runs with an average of [illegible] the Triangular Tournament two seasons ago in Eng[land] total was 387 for an average of 48. In South Af[rica] 14 (present tour) he made 443 runs with an average Seven years of test match cricket, winter and sum[mer] the exception of the 1912 winter, has brought Hobbs to 2,465 runs.

Douglas has also surprised everybody by his splen[did] round form. Last summer in England Douglas [did] nothing right, either bowling or batting. Yet with the [cares] of captaincy on his shoulders he has in the test[s] average of 38, and has taken ten wickets at a [cost] a trifle over 23 each. Considering that the Essex [man] was only chosen as leader after one or two refus[als] all the more remarkable, and we all take off our [hats] "Johnny-won't-hit-to-day"—as our Australian friends him—and congratulate him on his splendid achie[vement] It is to be hoped that he will show the same form next on behalf of his county.

The Hon. L. H. Tennyson, although performing [fair]ately well, has not done so well as expected. His play was missing in most of his innings, but that has been due to the matting wicket. M. C. Bird has [done] a little short of expectations, but he obtained a record and the highest score of the tour when he [made] With the exception of H. W. Taylor, the whole South Africans has been disappointing in the [extreme] Everyone will remember his 93 against the Australians Lords in the Triangular tests, and his performances present series at least equal that. If Taylor has [failed] one innings he has made up for it in the other, [and] gether the South African captain can look back with to his performances against the Englishmen.

Only one match has been lost, that against England Durban on February 7th and succeeding days, and the instrument in that defeat was Taylor who, after [making] and 100, managed his bowling so well that he [secured] four wickets.

THE CHIEL AMAN

MORE QUERIES.

If the new kinema film, described on the [bills] "breath-stopper," is as killing as it sounds?

* * *

If the lady of the Grove End Road flat did not [act] foolish indeed when, after sounding a frantic [alarm] "burglars," her husband, in a more than usually [excited] condition, was discovered by a constable under the [dining]-room table?

* * *

When the public are to be given an opportunity [of] the sensational "big game" kinema [picture] Thomas Dewar has been talking so enthusiastically [about]

* * *

If it was not very unfortunate that the new [motor-car] in which the young Cambridge don was taking his fellow's wife for a trial spin, should have broken down four miles from Gilford?

* * *

And if it was not still more unfortunate that the [motor]ing car which they "held up" to ask assistance did have contained the lady's sister-in-law?

* * *

The name of the humorous artist who has [decided] upon a cartoon for next Christmas, and if his [subject] isn't rather of the long-suffering description?

* * *

If the new sketch, entitled "Dropping the [Pilot]" likely to raise a scream?

* * *

Has not Winston Churchill at last definitely [decided] stay with the Liberals?

* * *

How is Mr. Mallaby Deeley, M.P., [enjoying] acquired property, and are not some of the [Members] business men than many people might imagine?

* * *

When will Lord Morley's retirement be [announced]

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A. B. Wyatt, 3, Palmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

W. H. Cowdery, The Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.

T. Philips, 34, The Park, Treharris.

F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

THE STOCK EXCHANGE is in a very depressed condition. Fears are being expressed that a General Election is imminent, and there is also considerable anxiety regarding Irish affairs. Paris, too, is a seller once more, and in the general pessimism prices slumped quite out of proportion to the business done. Consols are down to a shade under 75, but there is a strong feeling that these will advance as soon as the date of the talked-of General Election is known. Transvaal Threes are weaker, but the rest of the gilt-edged list is steady. The result of the big Canadian loan is not yet known, but if it proves to be pretty fully subscribed, this will have a steadying effect, whereas if it is only poorly supported we shall see further falls in some of the gilt-edged securities.

* * *

RAILWAY EARNINGS.—The gross earnings of the railways show disquieting fluctuations, yet at the present moment Home Rails are advancing. As the Heavy lines show fully 5 per cent. yield, we may expect them still to advance steadily. Americans, too, are more cheerful, and the American banks are reported to be buying American railway issues pretty heavily. I have been asked which are the better investment at the present time, British or American railway securities. The American companies aim at steady dividends, whereas Home lines show many fluctuations. The yield in both markets has been good, Americans giving the higher yield, and if the Home Railway Commission should put the brake on the raising of the goods traffic rates the Home yield is not likely to come up to the American level. The prices of both are at present low. Great Western Ordinary, London and North-Western Railway Ordinary, Midland Deferred, and North-Eastern Consol should be bought, all showing over 5 per cent. yield, and in the Americans, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific all show a yield of over 6 per cent., as do also the Aitchison and the Baltimore and Ohio Companies.

* * *

PARIS is still in a dangerous position. The big bankers are very pessimistic. No one knows what is going to happen, and a further slump would weaken considerably the position on this side.

* * *

THE MEXICAN SITUATION is holding up, and I still advise the immediate sale of all Mexican holdings. It is better to lose only a portion of one's capital, and get the balance safely in the bank, rather than lose it all. President Wilson has become impressed with the European point of view, and, it is said, proposes to modify his policy to some extent. It is also reported that the United States Militia have been called out ready for eventualities, and in view of these reports the Mexican situation is temporarily improving. Now, therefore, is the time to get out.

* * *

In **OILS** the prominent feature was the jump to 15s. 9d. in Maikop Premiers, the advance being accounted for by the considerable increase in the company's output for last week, also backed up by the steadily increasing output since the first of the year. Holders of these shares should now take their profit. The most sensational news, however, in the Oil Market was the statement that Standard Oil has acquired oil rights over the whole of China, which experts declare are extremely valuable.

* * *

RUBBER remains fairly firm, and holders of rubber shares will clearly never have a better opportunity of selling than they have at present, as the market is not likely to hold steady many weeks.

* * *

IN THE MINING MARKET the only real activity has been in the Russian Section. Russian Mining Corporation had a big jump on the official statement that the concession of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis had been acquired by them. Globes have been firm on receipt of good news from the mines. There has not been much business in Kaffirs or Rhodesians. It will be impossible to put up Kaffirs without Paris support, and Paris will not look at Mining shares after being so badly hit over Mount Elliott.

SOUTH BANNER GOLD MINING.—The directors comments on this well-known Oroville mine continue excellent, and a cable to hand this week to the London fully justifies the favourable anticipations which made from time to time as to the prospects of the The cable referred to is as follows:—"North breast eight feet (wide), good values." South Banners purchased immediately for a quick rise. They are five shillings.

* * *

AMONGST MISCELLANEOUS British and Helsby Cables were a bright feature. This for the past six years has paid 10 per cent., and year is paying 13 per cent., in addition to which is set aside for reserve and depreciation and carried forward. The shares stand at 10½ at are a good purchase. Several of the London Supply Companies have issued admirable reports, dends generally have been raised. These shares be bought. They are thoroughly sound investments are at present under-valued. Marconis Ordinary again, and also Prefs., but the subsidiary issues moving. Selfridges are arranging an immense which will more than double their floor area, and them eventually with one of the largest single in the world devoted to one business. Mr. Selfridge purchased all the shares of T. Lloyd and Co., the adjoining the present premises.

* * *

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY are finding great difficulties in the way of fresh funds, and in view of the slump in an Northern Securities I advise selling right out. week I was offered a practically gilt-edged 7 per cent. in one of the important Canadian cities only goes to show how short funds are in the present.

* * *

It is reported that a **CHINESE LOAN** of £6, be issued early in April at 94¼.

* * *

AMONGST MOTORS National Steam Cars, stand at 15s. 6d., are good to buy for a rise.

Straker Squires (1913) shares at par, viz., to 30s. on the excellent dividends that will be A purchase at once cannot fail to be profitable.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Annuity (Bosworth).—(1) The Sun Life of Canada is one of the Canadian companies, and you would be quite safe in relying on payment as long as you live. (2) You will get a higher return capital from the Canadian than from the British companies.

Cautious (Liverpool).—We do not recommend the former ment. The latter is a very good lock-up and should eventually you a very good return.

Junior (Dalston).—Read my former remarks on Mexican Securities week's issue. I will write you direct when to buy American

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LUCKY-BAG JOURNALISM.

The foolishly naive old journalism is as extinct as the diplodocus. The newspapers of yesterday, with their "broad sheet," verbose, and nervous methods, and their ridiculously sober news, are as dead as the scribes who penned the contents of the first number of Aris's "Birmingham Gazette." Behold, then, the journalism of to-day—the newspaper that is given you for a mere nominal fee, the newspaper of the witty headline, edited by the smartest of Oxford's youths, the paper that is sprinkled throughout with wondrous photos of fish, fowl, and flesh, delightfully bewildering in their lack of explanatory letterpress, so that you may amuse yourself for hours in finding the paragraphs corresponding to the pictures, or in giving to them satisfactory meanings. The versatility and originality of their editors cannot be too highly extolled. We have even heard that during the summer months certain philanthropic papers have given away toy balloons free, thus bringing joy to millions of toddling prattlers. Japanese umbrellas and sunhats, we are told, have also been distributed on occasion, serving to shield the peculiar British brain from the treacherous sun, and mirrors have been thrust upon us so that we could see ourselves as others see us, and exult in what we saw. Not only this, but a periodical called "Chuckles" provides its purchasers with a hunk of stickjaw in order to encourage the prognathous jaw of the bull-dog breed. Two mighty papers are even now contending in a magnificent struggle, each striving to prove to its readers its transcendent unselfishness in insuring them against accident. "Pearson's Weekly" even goes so far as to insure its contributors against bearing twins—a medical triumph. The "Evening News" has ousted the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and has now become indispensable in the home. Its information bureau is a master stroke, and all manner of questions are answered, from "How to become a musical comedy star" up to "How to hang a clothes-line." And last, but by no means least of important facts, the staid and stolid "Times" has awakened, and will shortly be sold to the public at the paltry price of one penny, while even now its subscribers at frequent intervals are presented with 64-page supplements of some of the finest paper obtainable. The only difficulty of the editors just now is the choice of a suitable motto for modern newspapers, and they are at present undecided between "Buy us, and we'll make you," and "Buy us, *or* we'll make you." We need then no Lloyd-George to mould the future of the nation, to give comforts to the people, and alleviate the sufferings of the poor. Our modern newspapers act as our universal providers, insuring us in our sickness, advising and comforting us in our troubles, and laying a cool hand upon the throbbing brow of the feverish world.

Bearing in mind the modern trend of the newspaper, we can foresee the glorious attainments of the newspaper of the future; in fact, within a few short years we may expect to see something similar to the following notices inserted in some of our highly-respected periodicals:—

The Daily Mail, Jan. 1st, 1924.—We have made special arrangements with Baron Lyons and Co., in connection with our "muffin" edition, and in future readers will not only be able to eat their buttered *Mail* at breakfast, column by column, as they proceed with their reading, but they will also be able to toast the covers which have been specially prepared for this purpose. In fact, the whole of the paper can now be consumed both mentally and physically.

[Note.—This, of course, does not apply to the metal clips. Our readers are insured against accidents arising from this cause, by our £10,000 insurance scheme. See page 347.] Subscribers will also note that from to-morrow and onwards, printing will be done on one side of the leaf only, so that your meal will take half the time that it did before!! Buy the *Mail* and eat quicker!!!

Daily Chronicle, April 1st, 1924.—Our coupon at the end of the third volume of to-day's issue can now be presented at any "Daily Chronicle" store and exchanged, not only for a pound of cocoa, but if preferable, for its equivalent in any other commodity that can be found in the store, i.e., from an egg to an elephant. We beg to announce also that we intend to dispense with our two pages of news and replace them with our picturesque advertisements, so that our four-volume daily will have a dignified homogeneity. Collect our coupons. Remember! Five thousand coupons entitles you to a minor Government position.

The Era, 1924.—Each copy of "The Era," from to-day's date, will act as an introduction to Mr. George Edwardes. Need we say more?

Daily Mirror, 1924.—A new half-crown presented with each copy. Next week these presents will be distributed irrespective of whether you purchase our paper or not. Cabinet ministers and their tricks given away daily. Buy us! We insure you against twins (£500), mumps (10s. 6d.), triplets (1,000 copies of the "Daily Mail"), quadruplets (100 copies "Evening News"), and quintlets (10 copies "Daily Mirror").

Tit-Bits, 1924.—Next week we break away from all tradition, and present our readers with a new, genuine joke, which policy we intend to carry on from week to week.

Daily Telegraph, 1924.—The spring fashions of our "Wallpaper" edition are now to hand. Subscribers are respectfully invited to visit our warehouses and make their selections from amongst our numerous art-patterns. The "Telegraph" will in future be gummy-backed ready for use, and can now be obtained either in the flat or roll form.

M. L.

A certain fashionable hotel on the South Coast is at present undergoing a rather extensive redecoration. Last week, while a small private dance was in progress, the guests were much amused to notice a tall and rather bashful-looking young man walk across the ball-room with a quantity of white paint on the inside of his right coat sleeve. Their amusement was considerably heightened when, a few moments later, a very pretty, fair-haired girl made her appearance with a similar streak neatly encircling the waist of her peach-coloured gown.

* * *

The Unionists, confident of an approaching General Election, are now busily engaged in the noble art of Cabinet making. As for the candidates for the vacant posts—well, many have called (at the Whips' office!) but few have been chosen. F. E. Smith is taking a leading part in the negotiations and is himself assured of high office. As for the others, brilliant and statesmanlike Joynson-Hicks, stolid George Cave, and meteoric Lord Robert Cecil are all marked out for Cabinet rank Lord Hugh Cecil may, too, get a job—if he promises to behave himself!

* * *

"The Tyranny of Tears," to judge from box office receipts, does not seem much to cry about after all.

* * *

THE MAIN THING.

Stage Manager: What do you want for this musical comedy, a long-skirted or a short-skirted chorus?

Producer: Any old length as long as it's tight-skirted.

* * *

The Victim: "Here, I say, your hands are absolutely filthy."

The Barber: "Sorry, sir. You see I haven't shampooed anybody to-day."

* * *

"Willie, someone has taken a big piece of pie out of the pantry."

Willie looked guilty.

"Oh, Willie, after all I have said about stealing food that you were not allowed to have, I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all," replied Willie; "half of it's in Mabel!"

* * *

A convivial correspondent wrote to an Eastern paper complaining of the village streets, closing with the statement, "The water lies in the ditch for days at a time."

The Editor printed the letter with the following "Ed. Note": "So does our esteemed correspondent."

* * *

LAST-DITCH FIGHT.

An old gentleman, now deceased, never seemed to be satisfied unless he had several cases pending in court. He left surviving a son who seems to have followed in his footsteps and has continued to keep up his father's record of proceedings in court.

Several of the attorneys were talking about his court troubles one day, when one of them told the following about the old gentleman.

The old chap had just won a case in the Justice Court, when the loser, in a very combative frame of mind, exclaimed: "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

Old Gent: I'll be thar.

Loser: And I'll law you to the Supreme Court.

Old Gent: I'll be thar.

Loser: I'll law you to 'ell!

Old Gent: My attorney'll be thar.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Although it wants only a couple of weeks to the beginning of the flat racing season there has not yet been a great deal of ante-post speculation on the Lincolnshire Handicap. Several horses have been soundly backed, but in volume the wagering so far is not to be compared with that of previous years. Still, with the race presenting such an open appearance there is certain to be a vast improvement in the state of the market before flag-fall, and the fact that Continental sportsmen are taking such a big interest in the affair will, of course, make the betting more spirited.

* * *

It is money chiefly from France that has made Bonbon Rose favourite for the Carholme race, and our Gallic friends are very hopeful of bringing off the double with that candidate and Lutteur III., who at the moment holds a similar market position in the Grand National. That two French horses should be favourites for our two early big handicaps is probably unprecedented in the history of the races, and both candidates hold very fine chances.

* * *

A feature of the wagering on the "Lincoln" has been the support accorded Happy Warrior, the only three-year-old engaged. Mr. J. B. Joel has two other horses, Blue Stone and Spanish Prince, in the race, and the former was some weeks ago supported to win a good stake. But now he is ignored in the market, and many shrewd people are favouring Happy Warrior, about whom it is difficult to get a fair price. The fact that the son of Sundridge-Sweet Lassie is being so well backed is very significant, as I heard some time ago that his connections intended trying to win the race with him, and as I have frequently stated in these notes, I am very sweet on his chance of success. That good miler, Aldegond, is being quietly backed, and Brancepeth, who was relegated to selling races after the early part of last year, also has many followers. If Brancepeth could only show a glimpse of his best form, he ought to be a very formidable candidate with only 7st. 5lb. to shoulder. Many good judges are of opinion that Sir Martin, now that he has been dropped in the handicaps, holds a very nice chance with 8st. 11lb., and the American-bred horse is one of the favourites for the race. It is not, however, prudent to support Mr. L. Winans' horse at the moment, as he may again break down in training, as he has done in the past. Should he be fit and well on the day it will be a different matter, as then his prospects of atoning for many previous disappointments will be good.

* * *

Recent steeplechasing has been extremely interesting, the recent Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park providing sport of the best kind. In fact, the soldiers' gathering was one of the most successful ever held, and, favoured with delightful weather, there was a tremendous crowd present on both days. Captain Paynter's success on his own horse, Jack Symons, in the Gold Cup, was very popular, and the race was one of the most thrilling seen for a long time. In direct contrast to the exciting struggle for the Gold Cup, the race for the Imperial Cup—one of the principal hurdle races of the year—on the second day, resulted in a run-away victory for the lightly-weighted Vermouth, who is owned by Mr. P. Heybourn.

* * *

The Earl of Minto, who died recently, was an enthusiastic follower of racing under National Hunt rules in his day, and many old-timers will recall his fine riding in the 'seventies. His most notable success was gained on Miss Hungerford in the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil in 1874. Lord Minto, who rode under the assumed name of "Mr. Rolly," on four occasions had mounts in the Grand National, steering Defence in 1874, Miss Hungerford in 1875, Zero in 1876, and Earl Marshal in 1877; but he was not successful on any of them. On Zero he had a very bad spill when the horse fell at Valentine's Brook, and his lordship injured his neck severely. However a marvellous cure was effected, albeit he felt the results of the strain for many years afterwards. Lord Minto's first success in a steeplechase was in the much-coveted University Whip at Cambridge in 1866.

There are again four meetings to be decided this week, Leicester occupying Monday and Tuesday, the National Hunt carnival at Cheltenham Wednesday and Thursday, and Folkestone and Hooton Park clashing on Friday and Saturday.

* * *

On the opening day at Leicester Mint Tower may win in the Open Hurdle Handicap, Kenia in the Blaby Handicap Steeplechase, and Revolution in the Wigston Hurdle. The Thurmaston Steeplechase on Tuesday should fall to Kilwilliam, the Spring Handicap Steeplechase to Dutch Pennant, and the Worksop Selling Steeplechase to King's Cure.

* * *

Excellent sport is promised at the annual National gathering at Prestbury Park, and fields are likely to be pretty large. The Grand Annual Steeplechase on Wednesday should be won by Ilston. On the second day the National Hunt Steeplechase will also bring out a host of candidates, and may fall to Another Delight. The Cotswold Handicap Hurdle on the same day may be won by Limerick.

* * *

At Folkestone on Friday Wad should take the Folkestone Handicap Steeplechase, Prieska the Canterbury Selling Hurdle, and Achaicus the Lydd Selling Steeplechase. The Moderate Handicap Steeplechase on the concluding day should fall to Adelante, the Four-Year-Old Handicap Hurdle to Eastwick, and the Moderate Handicap Hurdle to Savoy.

* * *

The Stewards' Handicap Steeplechase on the opening day at Hooton Park may be won by Copper Hill, the Mersey Steeplechase by Masindi, and the Dee Selling Hurdle by Count Oso. Little Brother may win the Hunters' Handicap Hurdle, Misty Memory the Maiden Hurdle, and Fire Light the Cheshire Handicap Hurdle.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Do unto others what they will do unto you—but do it first.

* * *

What can't be cured must be insured.

* * *

Talk may be cheap, yet some people are always trying to manipulate a corner therein.

* * *

Jaye: "I don't want to quarrel. I never argue with a fool."

Kaye: "Naturally. You are always of the same opinion."

* * *

Too often the hero worshipper is his own hero.

* * *

A high-class liar is considered a high salaried necessity in some kinds of business.

* * *

If time is money, why is it most men have more of that than anything else.

* * *

Many a woman loses a good friend when she acquires a poor husband.

* * *

"And how is your old friend Wilson?"

"Poor chap! He is delivered from his long sufferings."

"Yes? But you haven't told me whether it is he or his wife is dead or his wife."

* * *

Tell the truth and shame the family.

* * *

A lie in time saves nine.

* * *

Being good is an awful lonesome job.

* * *

If one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it's not the fault of the woman next door.

* * *

The greatest trial of married life is not to be able to take advantage of the excuse you know your wife will believe.

* * *

"When I was shipwrecked in South America, I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Gracious! how could they talk?"

"They couldn't: that's what made them so wild."

HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Thursday I treated myself to an afternoon off duty ce the New York "Giants" and Chicago "White Sox" l London the science of baseball. The game was in- ing and exciting in the hands of two teams of top-hole uch as the above, but would be an everlastingly dull with amateurs, or semi-amateurs, pitching, driving, ng, and throwing.

* * *

point of interest, however, to Outer Man'ers is that next to the King (there was a wooden fence between but that is a detail), and had an unusually good oppor- during the two hours' session, of studying how Kings

* * *

Majesty wore a black felt hat, high in crown and rled brim, collar with turn-down points, sailor- with pearl pin; snuff-brown buckskin gloves, dark trousers, and black boots.

* * *

overcoat, in a dark grey cheviot, fairly thick, came below the knee double-breasted, with double-breast ed lappels, two rows of buttons showing, and collar me material. I cannot say that this garment was any ph of tailoring skill. In fact, our King seems to study , and does not apparently worry about fashion or

* * *

point even of comfort, however, his Majesty could easily e more success than was apparent in this overcoat. It of a poor material which could not possibly give warmth omfort, adequate to the weight. It was cut with a rd hand in chest and skirt room. It fitted vilely at and generally looked a poor specimen of the sixty- g reach-me-down of ordinary commerce, and quite everse of one's preconceived idea of what constitutes ly raiment.

* * *

cording to the Burlington Arcade windows, socks of t hue and amazing pattern are important and striking in men's attire; but I regret I cannot tell what the affects in this department. The trousers were not of rned-up variety, and the socks—whether of silk, cash- or wool, plain or Joseph-of-many-colour style—were isible to the public eye nor mine.

* * *

e day was semi-cold—warm sunshine, but the air —and what I observed amongst the well-dressed crowd nd the Royal stand was the prevalence of the loose on completely negligée overcoat.

* * *

e formal Chesterfield overcoat seems out of date with formal morning coat and general formal turn-out. I this change must be largely due to the advent and rsality of the motor habit. The man may be spic and but there is no use his wearing a spic and span coat, whizzing through dust, with the possibility of g to do, or help in, mechanical adjustments on the side.

* * *

en those of us who do not own thousand-guinea Pan- s may therefore adopt freely the knock-about style of coat. It need not be expensive; it is eminently com- ble wear; if slightly soiled, or out of condition, it like a reminiscence of a struggle with, or in, the ils of the above Panhard, and, above all, Dukes and s are wearing it.

* * *

e general points about the knock-about coat, in cloth lines, are various and diversified. In cloths you may home-spuns, cheviots, tweeds, covert coatings, or s in thickness, closeness, or looseness of weave, in rn or colour, according to preference; and, of course, ding to the season of the year.

* * *

lines—essentially free-fitting, easy arm room, ample on chest and across back, full swing in skirts. In of the "fit where it touches" order, and ease before nce every time.

* * *

is is what aristocracy is wearing to-day, and we, of commonalty, need have no hesitation in following

A smart London man gives me a tip on ties. Do not wear the same tie day after day. Let Monday's tie remain flat, under some pressure, until the following Monday, and it emerges like new. The yearly expenditure upon ties remains the same, but your general appearance is smartened up.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

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